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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

### *LETTER FROM THE MURDERER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

### SLAVERY INCARNATED IN THE ASSASSIN!

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE following verbatim copy of a letter, in writing which is the hand-writing of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, has been furnished us by the Hon. Wm. Millward, United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. It was handed over to that officer by John S. Clarke, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Booth. The history connected with it is somewhat peculiar. In November, 1864, the paper was deposited with Mr. Clarke by Booth, in a sealed envelope, "for safe-keeping," Mr. Clarke being ignorant of the contents. In January last Booth called at Mr. Clarke's house, asked for the package and it was given up to him. It is now supposed that at that time he took out the paper and added to it his signature, which appears to be in a different ink from that used in the body of the letter, and also from the language employed could not have been put to it originally. Afterward he returned the package to Mr. Clarke again for safe-keeping, sealed and bearing the superscription "J. Wilkes Booth."

The inclosure was preserved by the family without suspicion of its nature. After the afflicting information of the assassination of the President, which came upon the family of Mr. Clarke with crushing force, it was considered proper to open the envelope. There were found in it the following paper, with some Seven-Thirty United States bonds, and certificates of shares in oil companies. Mr. Clarke promptly handed over the paper to Marshal Millward, in whose custody it now remains. From a perusal of this paper it seems to have been prepared by Booth as an indication of some desperate act which he had in contemplation; and from the language used it is probable that it was a plot to abduct the President and carry him off to Virginia. If this was meditated, it failed, and from making a prisoner of the President to his assassination was an easy step for a man of perverted principles. It also appears that Booth was one of the party who was engaged in the capture and execution of John Brown of Ossawattomie, at which time he doubtless imbibed from Wise and his associates those detestable sentiments of cruelty which have culminated in an infamous crime. The letter is as follows:

——, ——, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: You may use this as you think best. But as *some* may wish to know *when*, *who* and *why*, and as I know not *how* to direct, I give it (in the words of your master)

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONERN:"

Right or wrong, God judge me, not men. For be my motive good, or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped and prayed for the dark clouds to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end.

I have held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke plainly, war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Await an overt act." Yes, till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South was wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a *foreign war* I, too, could say, "country, right or wrong." But in a struggle *such as ours* (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart), for God's sake, choose the right. When a country like this spurns *justice* from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammeled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let *me* forget it, and may it never.

This country was formed for the *white*, not for the black man. And looking upon *African Slavery* from the same stand-point held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered *it* one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness therefore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen *less* harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, Heaven knows, *no one* would be willing to do *more* for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to *still better their* condition.

But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South *are not, nor have they been fighting* for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes *since* for *war* have been as *noble* and *greater far than those that urged our fathers on. Even* should we allow that they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, *cruelly and injustice* have made the wrong become the *right*, and they stand *now* (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of *their deeds*, Thermopylæ will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown (who was a murderer on our Western border, and who was fairly *tried* and *convicted*, before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been made a god), I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty and that I was helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered (by themselves) as the greatest and only virtue of the whole Republican party. Strange transmigration! *Vice* to become a *virtue*, simply because *more* indulge in it.

I thought then, *as now*, that the Abolitionists *were the only traitors* in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate as poor old Brown, not because they wished to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living I doubt whether he *himself* would set slavery against the Union. Most or many in the North do, and openly curse the Union, if the South are to return and retain a *single right* guaranteed to them by every tie which we once *revered as sacred*. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for *themselves* (worse than death) to draw from. I know *my* choice.

I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence, *both* provide for secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the one side, I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession *alone* has gained me an income of *more than* $20,000 a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field of labor. On the other hand, the South have never bestowed upon me one kind word; a place now where I have no friends, except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all the *former* for the *latter*, besides my mother and sisters whom I love so dearly (although they so widely differ with me in opinion), seems insane; but God is my judge. I love *justice* more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more (Heaven pardon me if wrong) than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle-field; but O, my countrymen, could you all but see the *reality* or effects of this horrid war, as I have seen them (in *every State*, save Virginia), I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of *right* and *justice* (even should it possess no seasoning of mercy), and that He would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years ago, I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain (as I had always known her) powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hold my life as naught to see her what she was. O, my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream, from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God and pray for his continued favor. How I have loved the *old flag* can never now be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of *none* so pure and spotless. But I have of late been seeing and hearing of the *bloody deeds* of which she has *been made the emblem*, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown. O how I have longed to see her break from the mist of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor. But no; day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now (in my eyes) her once red stripes look like *bloody gashes* on the face of Heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love (as things stand to-day) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attends me, I go penniless to her side. They say she has found *that* "last ditch" which the North have so long derided, and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are our brothers, and that it's impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach it in safety and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same "ditch" by her side.

*A Confederate, doing duty upon his own responsibility.* J. WILKES BOOTH.

[Among the circumstances tending to show that the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, and other members of the Administration, was encouraged by the secessionists, is the advertisement which appeared in the Selma *Dispatch*, an Alabama paper, last December, and which was copied into the newspapers here, offering, for a stipulated reward, to murder Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward. That such an advertisement, remarks the *Evening Post*, instead of being rejected with indignation, as it would have been in any community not brutalized by slavery, should have been admitted into a newspaper, indicates an approbation of its purpose. The following is the advertisement:]

"ONE MILLION DOLLARS WANTED, TO HAVE PEACE BY THE 1ST OF MARCH.—If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the cash, or good securities for the sum of one million dollars, I will cause the lives of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace and satisfy the world that cruel tyrants cannot live in a 'land of liberty.' If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in advance, which is supposed to be necessary in order to reach and slaughter the three villains.

"I will give, myself, one thousand dollars toward this patriotic purpose.

"Every one wishing to contribute will address x box X, Cahaba, Ala.

"December 1, 1864."

[Other advertisements of the same diabolical character have from time to time appeared in Southern newspapers; and the same hellish spirit has been exhibited in more than one Northern paper in sympathy with the Rebellion. Witness the following from the La Crosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat* of Aug. 20, 1864.]

"The man who votes for Lincoln now is a traitor. Lincoln is a traitor and murderer. He who, pretending to war for, wars against the Constitution of our country is a traitor, and Lincoln is one of those men. He who calls and allures men to certain butchery is a murderer, and Lincoln has done all this. *Had any former Democratic President warred upon the Constitution, or trifled with the destinies of the Nation as Lincoln has, he would have been hurled to perdition long since. And if he is elected to misgovern for another four years, we trust some bold hand will pierce his heart with a dagger point for the public good.*"

## Selections.

### THE FORT SUMTER FLAG-RAISING.

### REV. H. W. BEECHER'S ORATION.

ON this solemn and joyful day we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of the United States, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving (great applause). Once, and but once, has treason dishonored it. In that insane hour when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled its fires upon the fort, you, sir (turning to Gen. Anderson), and a small, heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defence of the nation's banner (applause). In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down; a gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground and reared it again—cast down, but not destroyed. After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart, you withdrew it from its height, closed its wings and bore it far away, sternly to sleep amid the tumults of rebellion and the thunders of battle. The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood. To-day you are returned again; we devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God that he has spared your honored life, and vouchsafed to you the glory of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores are here. Morning comes, and evening, as they did. All else how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city. Solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonored banner. You have come back with honor who departed hence four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts as the flag came down are dead, or scattered, or silent, and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason, rebellion has perished, but there flies the same flag that was insulted (great and prolonged applause). With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that supplanted it and sees it not (applause). You that then for the day were humbled, are here again to triumph once and forever (applause). In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck, but, memorable fact, not one of its stars was torn out by shot or shell (applause). It was a prophecy. It said, Not one State shall be struck from this nation by treason (applause). The fulfillment is at hand. Lifted to the air to-day it proclaims that after four years of war, Not a State is blotted out (applause). Hail to the flag of our fathers and our flag; glory to the banner that has gone through four years, black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment; and glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace (applause).

Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No! but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assaulted it (loud applause). Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen (applause.) We sorrow with the sorrowful, we sympathize with the desolate, we look upon this shattered fort and yonder dilapidated city with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason, and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason, that all ages shall dread and abhor it (applause). We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not, as we devoutly believe, that our will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unworthy of that liberty entrusted to our care, if, on such a day as this, we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance, and equally unworthy if we did not devoutly thank Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," that he hath set a mark upon arrogant rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts. Since this flag went down, on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men! The soil has drunk blood and is glutted; millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion; towns and villages have been razed; fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass as the prophet said, the sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood. The course of law was ended, the sword sat Chief Magistrate in half the nation, industry was paralyzed, morals corrupted, the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy, whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed, the earth reeled. When the flag sunk here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of fury had come forth to devour. That long night is ended, and for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks. No more war, no more accursed secession, no more slavery that spawned them both (great applause). Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag. It says, government hath returned hither; it proclaims, in the name of vindicated government, peace and protection to loyalty, humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the State, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates. There may be pardon, but no concession (great applause). There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no bonied compromises (applauses). The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful, and war for the turbulent (applause). The only condition of submission is to submit (laughter and applause). There is the Constitution, there are the laws, there is the government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. They are the conditions of peace. One nation under one government, without slavery, has been ordained and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy, and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious States. We do not want your cities or your fields, we do not envy you your prolific soil, nor heavens full of perpetual Summer. Let agriculture revel here, let manufactures make every stream twice musical, build fleets in every port, inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens, and we shall be glad in your gladness and rich in your wealth. All that we ask is unswerving loyalty and universal liberty (applause), and that, in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand, and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, we will have (great applause). We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword, return to thy sheath, and to the plow and sickle, go forth; that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong; not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood. Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the [illegible] upon it and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant, and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail (applause).

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when over North and South this flag was honored alike by all? In all our colonial days we were one in the long revolutionary struggle, and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding we were united. When the passage of the Stamp Act, in 1765, aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden, of South Carolina, that cried with prescient enthusiasm, "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "Americans." That was the voice of South Carolina, that shall be the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming; we now hear it sighing sadly through the pines, but it shall yet break in thunder upon the shore—No North, no West, no South, but the United States of America (applause). There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner but who had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other, that read the same Bible, that hung over the same historic pages of our national glory, that studied the same Constitution? Let this uplifting bring back all the past that was good, but leave in darkness all that was bad. It was never before so wholly unspotted, so clear of all wrong, so purely and simply the sign of justice and liberty. Did I say that we brought back the same banner that you bore away, noble and heroic sir? It is not the same—it is more and better than it was. The land is free from slavery since that banner fell. When God would prepare Moses for emancipation, he overthrew his first steps, and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness; it cried to the Lord, Wherefore am I deposed? Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty but trod upon slaves. In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day it fulfills its vows. When it went down, four million people had no flag; to-day it rises, and four million people cry out, Behold our flag; hark, they murmur. It is the Gospel that they recite in sacred words: "It is a Gospel to the poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them that are bruised." Rise up, then, glorious gospel banner, and roll out these messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness; thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art pure as they; say to the night that thy stars lead toward the morning, and to the morning that a brighter day arises with healing in its wings, and then, O glowing flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness, whilst thou art bearing round and round the world the solemn joy—a race set free, a nation redeemed! The mighty hand of government, made strong in war, by the favor of the God of battles, spreads wide to-day the banner of liberty, that went down in darkness, that arose in light, and there it streams like the sun above it, neither parcelled out nor monopolized, but flooding the air with light for all mankind. Ye scattered and broken, ye wounded and dying, bitten by the fiery serpents of oppression, everywhere, in all the world, look upon this sign, lifted up, and live; and ye homeless and houseless slaves, look, and ye are free. At length you, too, have part and lot in this glorious ensign that broods with impartial love over small and great, the poor and the strong, the bond and the free. In this solemn hour let us pray for the quick coming of reconciliation and happiness under this common flag.

But we must build again from the foundations in all these now free Southern States. No cheap exhortations to forgetfulness of the past, to restore all things as they were, will do. God does not stretch out his hand as he has for four dreadful years, that men may easily forget the might of his terrible acts. Restore things as they were? What, the alienations and jealousies, the discords and contentions, and the causes of them? No! In that solemn sacrifice on which a nation has offered up for its sins so many precious victims, loved and lamented, let our sins and mistakes be consumed utterly and forever. No! Never again shall things be restored as before the war! It is written in God's decree of events fulfilled, "old things are passed away," that new earth in which dwelleth righteousness draws near. Things as they were? Who has an omnipotent hand to restore a million dead, slain in battle, or wasted by sickness, or dying of grief, broken-hearted? Who has omniscience to search for the scattered ones? Who shall bring back the squandered treasure, the years of industry wasted, and convince you that four years of guilty rebellion and cruel war are no more than dirt upon the hand, which a moment's washing removes and leaves the hand clean as before? Such a war reaches down to the very vitals of society. Emerging from such a prolonged rebellion, he is blind who tells you that the State, by a mere amnesty and benevolence of government, can be put again by a mere decree in its old place. It would not be honest—it would not be kind or fraternal for me to pretend that Southern revolution against the Union has not reacted and wrought revolution in the Southern States themselves, and inaugurated a new dispensation. Society here is like a broken loom, and the piece which rebellion put in and was weaving has been cut, and every thread broken. You must put in new warp and new woof, and weaving anew, as the fabric slowly unwinds, we shall see in it no gorgon figures, no hideous grotesques of the old barbarism, but the figures of liberty, vines and golden grains, framing in the heads of justice, love and liberty. The august Convention of 1787 framed the Constitution with this memorable preamble: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution for the United States of America." Again, in the awful convention of war, the people of the United States, for the very ends just recited, have debated, settled, and ordained certain fundamental truths which must henceforth be accepted and obeyed; nor is any State or individual wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil affairs what the natural laws are to health—indispensable conditions of peace and happiness. What are the ordinances given by the people, speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the law from Sinai amid thunders and trumpet voices? 1. That these United States shall be one and indivisible; 2. that States have not absolute sovereignty, and have no right to dismember the republic; 3. That universal liberty is indispensable to republican government, and that slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished. Such are the results of war; these are the best fruits of war. They are worth all they have cost. They are the foundations of peace. They will secure benefits to all nations as well as to ours. Our highest wisdom and duty is to accept these facts as the decrees of God. We are exhorted to forget all that has happened. Yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced. As solemnly as on Mount Sinai, God says: "Remember—*remember!* Hear it to-day. Under this sun, under that bright child of the sun, our banner, with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's providence, and recite the solemn decrees—*No more disunion—no more secession—no more slavery* (applause).

Why did this civil war begin?

We do not wonder that European statesmen failed to comprehend this conflict, and that foreign philanthropists were shocked at a murderous war that seemed to have had no moral origin, but like the brutal fights of beasts of prey to have sprung from ferocious animalism. This great nation, filling all profitable latitudes, cradled between two oceans, with inexhaustible resources, with riches increasing in an unparalleled ratio, by agriculture, by manufactures, by commerce, with schools and churches, with books and newspapers thick as leaves in our own forests, with institutions sprung from the people and peculiarly adapted to their genius—a nation not sluggish, but active, used to excitement, practised in political wisdom and accustomed to self-government, and all its vast outlying parts held together by a Federal government mild in temper, gentle in administration, and beneficent in results, seemed to have been formed [illegible] and no there came rolling down on [illegible] fiery bolts full of death and desolation. At a cannon shot upon this fort, all the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war which for awfulness rises into the first rank of bad eminence. The front of battle going with the sun was twelve hundred miles long, and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have in skirmish, fight and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts, while a coast and river line not less than four thousand miles in length, has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery. The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and with sudden wheel changed it from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange machines of war, iron-clad. And so in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there rose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere. What wonder that foreign observers stood amazed at this fanatical fury that seemed without Divine guidance, but inspired wholly with infernal frenzy? The explosion was sudden, but the train had long been laid. We must consider the condition of Southern society if we would understand the mystery of this iniquity. Society in the South resolves itself into three divisions, more sharply distinguished than in any other part of the nation. At the base is the laboring class, made up of slaves. Next is the middle class, made up of traders, small farmers and poor men; the lower edge of this class touches the slave, and the upper edge reaches up to the third, and ruling class. This class was a small minority in numbers, but in practiced ability they had centered in their hands the whole government of the South, and had mainly governed the country. Upon this polished, cultured, exceedingly capable, and wholly unprincipled class, rests the whole burden of this war, forced up by the bottom heat of slavery. The ruling class in all the disloyal States arrogated to themselves a superiority not compatible with republican equality nor with just morals. They claimed a right of preëminence. An evil prophet arose who trained these wild and luxuriant shoots of ambition to the shapely form of a political philosophy. By its vagaries they precipitated drudgery to the bottom of society, and left at the top what they thought to be a clarified fluid. In their political economy labor was to be owned by capital; in their theory of government a few were to rule the many. They boldly avowed, not the fact alone that under all forms of government the few rule the many, but their right and duty to do so. Set free from the necessity of labor, they conceived a contempt for those who felt its wholesome regimen. Believing themselves foreordained to supremacy, they regarded the popular vote, when it failed to register their wishes, as an intrusion and a nuisance. They were born in a garden, and popular liberty, like freshets overswelling their banks, but covered their dainty walks and flowers with slime and mud of democratic votes (applause). When, with shrewd observation, they saw the growth of the popular element in the Northern States, they instinctively took in the inevitable events. It must be controlled, or cut off from a nation governed by gentlemen. Controlled less and less could it be in every decade, and they prepared secretly, earnestly and with wide conference and mutual connivance to separate the South from the North. We are to distinguish between the pretences and means and the real causes of this war. To inflame and unite the great middle class of the South, who had no interest and no business with war, they alleged grievances that never existed, and employed arguments which they, better than all other men, knew to be specious and false. Slavery itself was cared for only as an instrument of power or of excitement. They had unalterably fixed their eye upon empire, and all was good which would secure that, and bad which hindered it. Thus the ruling class of the South, an aristocracy as intense, proud and inflexible as ever existed, not limited either by customs or institutions, not recognised and adjusted in the regular order of society, playing a reciprocal part in its machinery, but secret, disowning its own existence, baptized with ostentatious names of democracy, obsequious to the people for the sake of governing them; this nameless, lurking aristocracy, that ran in the blood of society like a rash not yet come to the skin; this political tapeworm, that produced nothing, but lay coiled in the body, feeding on its nutriment and holding the whole structure to be but a servant set up to nourish it; this aristocracy of the plantation, with firm and deliberate resolve, brought on the war that they might eat the land in two, and, clearing themselves from incorrigible free society, set up a sterner, statelier empire, where slaves worked that gentlemen might live at ease. Nor can there be any doubt, that though at first they meant to erect the form of republican government, this was but a device—a step necessary to the securing of that power by which they should be able to change the whole economy of society. That they never dreamed of such a war we may well believe; that they would have accepted it, though twice as bloody, if only thus they could rule, none can doubt that knows the temper of these worst men of modern society (applause). But they miscalculated; they understood the people of the South, but they were totally incapable of understanding the character of the great working classes of the loyal States. That industry which is the foundation of independence and so of equity, they stigmatized as stupid drudgery or as mean avarice; that general intelligence and independence of thought which schools for the common people and newspapers breed, they reviled as the incitement of unsettled zeal, running easily into fanaticism. They more thoroughly misunderstood the profound sentiment of loyalty, the deep love of country which pervaded the common people. If those who knew them best had never suspected the depth and power of that love of country which threw it into an agony of grief when the flag was here humbled, how should they conceive of it who were wholly disjoined from them in sympathy? The whole land rose up, you remember, when the flag came down, as if inspired unconsciously by the breath of the Almighty and the power of omnipotence. It was as when one pierces the banks of the Mississippi for a rivulet, and the whole raging stream plunges through with headlong course. There they calculated and miscalculated. And more than all, they miscalculated the bravery of men who have been trained under law, who are civilized, and hate personal brawls, who are so protected by society as to have dismissed all thought of self-defence, the whole force of whose life is turned to peaceful pursuits. These arrogant conspirators against government, with Chinese vanity, believed that they could blow away these self-respecting citizens as chaff from the battle-field. Few of them are left alive to ponder their mistake. Here, then, are the roots of this civil war. It was not a quarrel of wild beasts, it was an inflection of the strife of ages between power and right—between ambition and equity. An armed band of pestilent conspirators sought the nation's life; her children rose up and fought at every door, and room, and hall, to thrust out the murderers and save the house and household. It was not legitimately a war between the common people of the North and South. The war was set on by the ruling class, the aristocratic conspirators of the South. They suborned the common people with lies, with sophistries, with cruel deceits and slanders, to fight for secret objects which they abhorred, and against interests as dear to them as their own lives. I charge the whole guilt of this war upon the ambitious, educated, plotting, political leaders of the South [applause]. They have shed this ocean of blood. They have desolated the South. They have poured poverty through all her towns and cities. They have bewildered the imagination of the people with phantasms, and led them to believe that they were fighting for their homes and liberty whose homes were unthreatened and whose liberty was in no jeopardy. These arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free, but that the free might be oppressed. A day will come when God will reveal judgment and arraign at His bar these mighty miscreants, and then every orphan that their bloody game has made, and every widow that sits sorrowing, and every maimed and wounded sufferer, and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land, will rise up and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witness; and from a thousand battle-fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who, with the memory of their awful sufferings, shall confront these miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusation, and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgment. Blood shall call out for vengeance, and tears shall plead for justice, and grief shall silently beckon, and love, heart-smitten, shall wail for justice. Good men and angels will cry out, How long, O Lord, treat and most remorseless traitors, doers ugly and cultured men, with might and wisdom used for the destruction of their country, these most accursed and detested of all criminals, that have drenched a continent in needless blood, and moved the foundations of their times with hideous crimes and cruelty, caught up in black clouds full of voices of vengeance and lurid with punishment, shall be whirled aloft and plunged downward forever and forever, in an endless retribution, while God shall say, Thus shall it be to all who betray their country, and all in heaven and upon earth will say, amen! [Voices—Amen, amen!] But for the people misled—for the multitudes drafted and driven into this civil war—let not a trace of animosity remain [applause]. The moment their willing hand drops the musket and they return to their allegiance, then stretch out your own honest right hand to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All the resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity and smooth down the furrows of war.

[At this point in his oration, Mr. Beecher paused and said. "I will thank the band to play an air, and you to get up that are sitting down, and you to sit down that have been standing, and I will sit down too and rest for a moment." When the band had ceased playing, he said: "We will now take our places again, and attend to our business," and then proceeded with his speaking.]

Has this long and weary period of strife been an unmingled evil, has nothing been gained? Yes, much; this nation has attained to its manhood. Among Indian customs is one which admits young men to the rank of warriors only after severe trials of hunger, fatigue, pain, endurance; they reach their station not through years, but ordeals. Our nation has suffered and now is strong. The sentiment of loyalty and patriotism, next in importance to religion, has been rooted and grounded; we have something to be proud of, and pride helps love. Never so much as now did we love our country (great applause). But four such years of education in ideas, in the knowledge of political truth, in the lore of history, in the geography of our own country, almost every inch of which we have probed with the bayonet, have never passed before. There is half a hundred years' advance in four We *believed* in our institutions and principles before, but now we know their power. It is one thing to look upon artillery and be sure that it is loaded; it is another thing to prove its power in battle (laughter). We believed in the hidden power stored in our institutions. We had never before seen this nation thundering like Mount Sinai at all those that worshipped the calf at the base of the mountain. A people educated and moral are competent to all the exigencies of national life. A vote can govern better than a crown. We have proved it [applause]. A people intelligent and religious are strong in all economic elements. They are fitted for peace and competent to war; they are not easily inflamed, and when justly incensed not easily extinguished; they are patient in adversity, endure cheerfully needful burthens, tax themselves for real wants more royally than any prince would dare to tax his people; they pour forth without stint relief for the suffering of war, and raise charity out of the realm of a dole into a munificent duty of beneficence. The habit of industry among freemen prepares them to meet the exhaustion of war with the increase of productiveness commensurate with the need that exists. Their habits of skill enable them at once to supply such armies as only freedom can muster, with arms and munitions such as only free industry can create. Free society is terrible in war, and afterward repairs the mischief of war with celerity almost as great as that with which the ocean heals the seams gashed in it by the keel of the plowing ships. Free society is fruitful of military genius. It comes when called; when no longer needed, it falls back as waves do to the level of the common sea, and false. Slavery itself was cared for only as an instrument of power or of excitement. They had unalterably fixed their eye upon empire, and all was good which would secure that, and bad which hindered it. Thus the ruling class of the South, an aristocracy as intense, proud and inflexible as ever existed, not limited either by customs or institutions, not recognised and adjusted in the regular order of society, playing a reciprocal part in its machinery, but secret, disowning its own existence, baptized with ostentatious names of democracy, obsequious to the people for the sake of governing them; this nameless, lurking aristocracy, that ran in the blood of society like a rash not yet come to the skin; this political tapeworm, that produced nothing, but lay coiled in the body, feeding on its nutriment and holding the whole structure to be but a servant set up to nourish it; this aristocracy of the plantation, with firm and deliberate resolve, brought on the war that they might eat the land in two, and, clearing themselves from incorrigible free society, set up a sterner, statelier empire, where slaves worked that gentlemen might live at ease. Nor can there be any doubt, that though nations, but to augment the powers of the common people. The vulgar ambition of mere domination, as it belongs to universal human nature, may tempt us, but it is withstood by the whole force of our principles, our habits, our precedents, and our legends. We acknowledge the obligation which our better political principles lay upon us to set an example more temperate, humane and just than monarchical governments can. We will not suffer wrong, and still less will we inflict it upon other nations. Nor are we concerned that so many, ignorant of our conflict, for the present misconceive the reasons of our invincible military zeal. Why contend, say they, for a little territory that you do not need? Because it is ours [laughter and applause]. Because it is the interest of every citizen to save it from becoming a fortress and refuge of iniquity. This nation is our house and our fathers' house, and accursed be the man who will not defend it to the uttermost [applause]. More territory than we need! England, that is not large enough to be our pocket [laughter]. may think that it is more than we need, because it is more than it needs, but we are better judges of what we need than others are. Shall a philanthropist say to a banker who defends himself against a robber, "Why do you need so much money?" But we will not reason with such questions. When any foreign nation willingly will divide its territory, and give it cheerfully away, we will answer the question why we are fighting for territory [laughter]. At present, for I pass to the consideration of benefits that accrue to the South in distinction from the rest of the nation—the South reaps only suffering, but good seed lies buried under the furrows of war, that peace will bring to harvest.

1. Deadly doctrines have been purged away in blood. The subtle poison of secession was a perpetual thread of revolution. The sword has ended that danger. That which reason had affirmed as a philosophy the people have settled as a fact. Theory pronounces, There can be no permanent government where each integral particle has liberty to fly off. Who would venture upon a voyage on a ship, each plank and timber of which might withdraw at its pleasure? [Laughter and applause.] But the people have reasoned by the logic of the sword and of the ballot, and they have declared that States are inseparable parts of National government. They are not sovereign. State rights remain, but sovereignty is a right higher than all others, and that has been made into a common stock for the benefit of all [applause]. All agitation is ended. This element must be cast out of political problems. Henceforth that poison will not rankle in the blood.

2. Another thing has been learned—the rights and duties of minorities. The people of the whole nation are of more authority than the people of any section. These United States are supreme over Northern, Western and Southern States. It ought not to have required the awful chastisement of this war to teach that a minority must submit the control of the nation's government to a majority. The army and navy have been good political schoolmasters [laughter and applause]. The lesson is learned. Not for many generations will it require further illustration.

3. No other lesson will be more fruitful of peace than the dispersions of those conceits of vanity, which, on either side, have clouded the recognition of the manly courage of all Americans. If it be a sign of manhood to be able to fight, then Americans are men. The North, certainly, is in no doubt whatever of the soldierly qualities of Southern men. Southern soldiers have learned that all latitudes breed courage on this continent. Courage is a passport to respect. The people of all the regions of this nation are likely to cherish a generous admiration of each other's prowess. The war has bred respect, and respect will breed affection, and affection peace and unity [applause].

4. No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man, of candid nature, with more surprise, than the revelation of the capacity, moral and military, of the black race. It is a revelation indeed. No people were ever less understood by those most familiar with them. They are said so be lazy, lying, alone to the tasks needful to their own support and the functions of civilization. They were said to be dangerous, bloodthirsty, liable to ins

interest, therefore, of every man to hasten its end. Do you want more war? Are you not yet weary of contest? Will you gather up the unexploded fragments of this prodigious magazine of all mischief and heap them up for continued explosions? Does not the South need peace? and since free labor is inevitable, will you have it in its worst forms or its best? Shall it be ignorant, impertinent, indolent, or shall it be educated, self-respecting, moral and self-supporting? Will you have men as drudges, or will you have them as citizens? Since they have vindicated the government and cemented its foundation stones with their blood, may they not offer the tribute of their support to maintain its laws and its policy? It is better for religion, it is better for political integrity, it is better for industry, it is better for money, if you will have that ground-motive, that you should educate the black man, and by education make him a citizen [applause]. They who refuse education to the black man would turn the South into a vast poor house, and labor into a pendulum incessantly vibrating between poverty and indolence.

From this pulpit of broken stone, we speak forth our earnest greeting to all our land; we offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health, under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom [applause]. To the members of the government associated with him in the administration of perilous affairs in critical times; to the Senators and Representatives of the United States, who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks [applause]. To the officers and men of the army and navy, who have so faithfully, skillfully and gloriously upheld their country's authority, by suffering, labor and sublime courage, we offer a heart-tribute beyond the compass of words [great applause]. Upon those true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching hope in the darkest hour, and covered the land with their labor of love and charity, we invoke the divinest blessing of Him whom they have so truly imitated [applause]. But chiefly to Thee, God of our fathers! we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace! We invoke peace upon the North; peace be to the West; peace be upon the South. In the name of God, we lift up our banner and dedicate it to Peace, Union and Liberty, now and forevermore. Amen! [Great applause.]


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.


## *ANNUAL MEETING.*

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York, at the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, on Tuesday, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the greatest importance. Some members of the Committee propose, in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution, to dissolve the Society at this Annual Meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others still advocate continuing the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Beside this, whichever of these views receives the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the Standard shall be continued.

On these and other accounts our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

Among the speakers at the Anniversary on Tuesday morning, will be, it is understood, Wendell Phillips, George Thompson and Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The Society will meet for business on Tuesday afternoon, at 3½ o'clock; and probably, also, on Wednesday

## *THE DANGER AND THE REMEDY.*

The horror and amazement with which the murder of the President had overwhelmed the public mind had hardly subsided into a more subdued sorrow, when it was again astonished by the tidings of the blow aimed by Gen. Sherman at the heart of the Nation itself. Nothing but official confirmation could make the intelligence appear even possible. That a General who had placed himself at the head of his profession by his brilliant operations in Georgia and the Carolinas, and who had all the fruits of victory just within his grasp, should abandon them all and virtually surrender all he had been fighting for to the rebels, and for no apparent motive, seemed to be far beyond the pale of the probabilities. Still, the fact is now indisputable, and Gen. Sherman and his friends must explain or excuse it as best they can. Happily, the President and the Cabinet were alive to their duties, and, without delay, disallowed his treaty with the rebel Johnston and dispatched Gen. Grant to see after him, if not to supercede him. Gen. Sherman has never made any secret of his disinclination towards the Anti-Slavery policy of the government and of his indisposition towards the employment of black troops. That he contemplated a *coup d'état*, as some inclined to think, and to reinstate the slave-masters in the supreme control of the conquered States, and of their slaves as an incident thereof we do not think probable. Had he proposed to enact the part of monk and bring back the old tyranny by his bayonets, he would hardly have referred the final decision of the matter to Washington. It is more probable that all he proposed to do was to recommend himself to the South and to the Copperheads as one disposed to settle the national difficulties on their favorite basis of the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. And in this we think he will succeed, and we venture to prophesy that he will succeed to Gen. McClellan as the favorite of all that is disloyal and base in the nation.

This demonstration, together with that of Weitzel and Shepley in Virginia, proves the truth of what we have often affirmed, that the greatest dangers the Nation would have to encounter would be those which would come after the fighting was over. We have proved more than a match for the rebels in the field, after we had grown up to the knowledge that they were really in earnest and that it was a war we were engaged in and not a Presidential campaign. It now remains to be seen whether we can come off conquerors in the game of chicane and trickery by which those practiced gamesters will strive to win back all that they have lost. It is very clear that our generals are not to be trusted to play it for us. The exceeding eagerness to be devoured of the three generals we have named is only to be matched by that of the pigs in the land of Cockayne, which ran about ready roasted with knives and forks sticking in them, crying out, "Come, eat me! Come, eat me!" But as President Lincoln, with all his leanings to clemency, put a stop to the Virginia mischief at once, and as President Johnson would not admit that of North Carolina to be even debatable, we may trust the men at the head of affairs that they will not be false to the especial work that they are appointed to do. The general scheme of the great Magistrate whose bloody grave is scarcely closed was based upon the only true and wise principle which should inform our dealings with the rebels. Their heart's desire now is to be admitted to treat with the nation as of right, as parties to an international war. President Lincoln utterly refused to recognize the Confederate government as a body having any legal existence, in his interview with its Commissioners, or the rebel government of the State of Virginia as a legal entity, when he disallowed the Weitzel-Shepley folly. Reconciliation must come through the action of the people, acting through the agency of State governments, but of State governments organized under and by the sanction of the National government, accepting the terms and complying with the conditions which the nation may impose. The existing laws of the Nation must be accepted as accomplished facts, whether they exist in the form of the Amendment to the Constitution, or of the Proclamation of the President informed with the plenitude of the War Power, as an indispensable preliminary to any readmission to National privileges.

The slaveholding leaders are astute and cunning beyond the imagination of most of the simple Northern generation. Their wits, sharpened by constant practice in the service of slavery and made yet more keen by the stimulus of self-interest, are too much for any average Northern politicians to cope with. They over-reached themselves, it is true, when they permitted themselves to risk all on the chance of battle. But they were not without grounds for believing that the threat of battle would obtain for them all the advantages of victory. Four years ago it looked to many of us as if there was not spirit enough left to resist their demands with arms in their hands, when all they had ever made before had been granted, upon bare threats. The North, at last, like a great, lazy, overgrown, good-natured giant, was aroused to put forth its strength, and, as soon as it did so, its audacious opposite was squelched. It certainly has never been inclined to use its giant, strength like a giant, and its only danger now lies in being wheedled out of all it has been fighting for, through the good-humored easiness which is characteristic of the giant race. It is not that the Southern race have any more capacity for affairs than that of the North; but all the energy and industry that is devoted by the latter to all the various employments of mechanical and commercial enterprise and to the material advancement of their general prosperity, has been devoted by the former to the study of how to manage men and contrive politics so as to promote their slaveholding ends. For slaveholding and its incidents absorbs all their hopes and fears, all their public ambition and personal passions. To abandon their hold on the slaves seems to them the loss of property, of rank in society, of political power and social influence. We may be sure that they will put forth their utmost ability and villany to save all that they can, if they must lose a portion, of what they look upon as the crowning glory and blessing of human condition. And it is our business, and that of the government that represents us, to see that they succeed not at all in these designs. It is always safe to do the opposite of what an enemy proposes to do, and especially such a wily and sagacious enemy as Slavery. We believe that Mr. Johnson is eminently fitted to deal with this enemy. He knows by personal experience its cunning and its venom. He knows it all, for he was part of it for the chief of his life. We are confident he can be trusted.

Of course, there must be a general amnesty, covering the great mass of the rank and file of the rebels and including many black-hearted and red-handed villains. All cannot be brought to a righteous retribution. But the system of slavery must be utterly and radically extirpated. And, in order to do this, there must be no political mercy shown to the leading rebels, even if personal clemency be extended to the most of them. Though Justice will demand some capital examples, the humanity and civilization of the North will not permit a great many of them. But the exile of the principal offenders, and the disfranchisement of all of any political or military eminence, and the confiscation of their estates, must be had, or the peace will be but a hollow and treacherous truce. The reedification of the States that are to be readmitted to the Union must be made by hands that have never touched the unholy thing. No oath of allegiance would suffice to qualify for the suffrage. There should be no purchasing of treason by perjury. The loyal men of Virginia, of the Carolinas and all the other rebel States, the truly loyal men who have been driven from their homes, in hiding or in exile, are all that should be suffered to assist in the formation of the new States. And this, if there be but a while they are engaged in this work, and as long as their personal safety requires it, National troops should be within reach to restrain disorders by the swift appliances of martial law. And this protection must be afforded for a long time to the black population that the Nation has freed. We cannot be guilty of the baseness of leaving the helpless race we have exposed to the rage of their old masters and their like, without providing them with the most ample redress for wrongs and protection in their rights. The suffrage should be demanded for them, and, in time, it will be sufficient to enable them to take care of themselves, especially if they be armed and receive the elements of military training. The first duty of the Nation is to secure its own integrity from the plots and devices of the slaveholding conspirators, and the next to secure its black allies from the same machinations. They are, indeed, but parts of one whole. The true liberty of the whites cannot be had without the freedom of the blacks is made effectual. The one is as much a part of necessary self-defence as the other. And neither can be had as long as the landed estate is left in the hands of the prominent rebels. Confiscation and the division of land into small holdings among the blacks, the poor whites and the emigrants from the North and from Europe, are essential conditions of the new state of things which must replace the old. This is the key of the problem of Emancipation and Reconstruction, one and indivisable, in which is involved the destiny of the whole Nation.

## *OBSEQUIES OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.*

We shall not attempt an extended account of the honors paid to the memory of Abraham Lincoln by the people of this city on Tuesday last. The display, we venture to affirm, was the most imposing and impressive ever witnessed in the country. Our whole population, except only those who were too old or sick to leave their homes, appeared to be in the streets, while thousands upon thousands came hither from adjoining cities and towns and far-off places. The decorous and dignified demeanor of the great multitude testified their high appreciation of the solemn spectacle they were all so eager to witness.

The remains of the illustrious dead arrived in this city from Philadelphia on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, and were at once taken under military escort to the City Hall. From noon of Monday till noon of Tuesday, not even excepting a single hour of the night, the body lay in state, the face exposed to view. It is estimated that not less than 150,000 people—men, women and children—availed themselves of the opportunity to look at the face of the martyred dead. The multitude took their places in line, four deep, in the street on either side of the Park, many of them at first so far away from the City Hall that they were four or five hours in reaching the coffin. The line on Broadway, on Tuesday morning, extended as far as Liberty street. Women and children rose from their beds at midnight to take places in the line, and others, who were in the line at an earlier hour, were out nearly the whole night.

One o'clock was the hour appointed for the procession to move from the City Hall to the Hudson River Railroad station in Thirtieth St. The route of the procession was through Broadway to Fourteenth St., Fourteenth St. to Fifth Avenue, Fifth Avenue to Thirty fourth Street, etc. Just before that hour the coffin was placed on the funeral car, and thus raised high enough to be plainly seen by the crowds who thronged the streets through which the procession was to pass. The military part of the procession numbered not less than 15,000 men. The array, in double line, before filing into procession, extended over four miles. The civic part of the procession, embracing Governors of States, Judges, members of the City government in all its departments, U. S. officers, and a large number of associations, clubs, etc, numbered, it is estimated, from 40,000 to 50,000 people. Of the banners borne by these multitudes and the decorations of the buildings along the line of the procession, we have not space to speak. We must refer those who are curious in respect to these and other details to the daily journals. The funeral car was drawn by sixteen gray horses, each horse led by a colored groom in mourning. As it passed slowly and solemnly on its way, the people seemed to be profoundly moved, and many testified their emotion by tears.

The arrangements for the occasion were under the direction of the city authorities, and in every respect save one were creditable to them and honorable to the city. The exception to which we allude was the disgraceful refusal of the Committee of Arrangements to permit the colored people of the city to join in the demonstration. They asked for a place in the procession, but it was refused! On Monday evening, Mr. Acton, Commissioner of Police, went before the Common Council and urged that the Committee should revoke their obnoxious and insulting regulation. They refused compliance with his request, whereupon he notified them that the colored people would, by his order, be assigned a place in the procession, and that the police would protect them from molestation. On the same evening the following telegram came from Washington:

WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865.

*Major General* JOHN A. DIX:

It is the desire of the Secretary of War that no discrimination respecting color should be exercised in admitting persons to the funeral procession to-morrow. In this city a black regiment formed part of the escort.

C. A. DANA, Assistant Secretary of War.

It was then too late, however, for the colored people to make adequate preparation to take part in the demonstration; and besides, they were not inclined to do so upon any other invitation than that of the Common Council, the body which had the management of the affair. Grateful as they were to Commissioner Acton, they thought it not best, by accepting his invitation, to relieve the Common Council, in any degree, from the odium likely to accrue from their exclusion.

Still, a few colored men, most of them from Brooklyn, responded to Commissioner Acton's invitation, and were assigned a place at the rear. They bore a banner, inscribed on the front—

"Abraham Lincoln our Emancipator."

On the other side were these words:

"To millions of Bondmen he Liberty gave."

The *Tribune* says:

"The banner was made on Monday by the ladies of Mr. Beecher's Church, and was carried by four freedmen just from the South, who had never before seen a white audience, and were perfectly astounded to know that there were so many more 'Yankees' than blacks! Behind the banner were nearly or quite two hundred colored men, some recently from the bonds of the 'divine institution,' but most of them presenting an appearance not to be surpassed, we say (in our own opinion and that of many bystanders) certainly by any body of men in the rear of the Educational bodies themselves. The venerable Dr. Pennington, walked in front, with a white clergyman connected with the care of freedmen in this vicinity: and we take pleasure in adding that two other gentlemen of the Caucasian race were proud to take position in this line of sincere mourners. One of them remarked that he had waited for this portion of the procession, to walk with the blacks through the Fifth avenue.

"Two entire platoons of police preceded, and the same number followed the colored men, securing to them, in the fullest degree, all the rights of place and respect.

"But the police were not needed to enforce respect. Along the line of march as far as Fourteenth street, ever and anon cheers and waving of handkerchiefs greeted the blacks. Particularly when passing the New York Hospital, Taylor's International Hotel, the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan and Wallack's, they were greeted with the warmest sympathy; and in front of Van Amburgh's the assembled crowd so far forgot themselves in the gratitude of the moment as to give way to cheers that sounded to our ears very much like praise to God. But from the moment that they turned at Union Square the ovation ceased not. If even the residents of the New York Hotel forgot the past and cheered them on, those on the avenue and beyond were no less zealous. One naval officer particularly was noticeable standing at Twenty-second street, with a handkerchief tied to his sword, waiving his sentiments. On all the line—we speak from personal observation—only *one hiss* was audible."

## *THE LATE JUDGE GALE OF MONTREAL.*

The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of the cause it represents, have become acquainted during recent years with the name of this venerable gentleman, as one who took a very lively interest in all our efforts to suppress the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and whose published views indicated a very clear understanding of the real merits of the question. He was also a munificent contributor to the funds of the Anti-Slavery Society during the years of the war, in the conviction that the cause of Justice, Humanity, and good government, the world over, was vitally concerned in the success of our arms over those of Southern pro-slavery treason. During all this time his health has been feeble, but his mind unclouded and bright, and deeply interested in the progress of freedom's cause, until within a few months, when memory and his usual

The Hon. Samuel Gale died in Montreal, Canada, April 15th, 1865, in the 82d year of his age. His father was an English gentleman of the same name, who came to this country in 1770 in the service of the British government, and married Miss Wells of Brattleboro, Vt. Their son, whose death we now record, was born at St. Augustine, Florida, in 1783. He studied law at Montreal, and was admitted to the bar in 1808, and ere long secured a large practice. In 1815 he was appointed a magistrate in the Indian territories. Afterwards he went to England in behalf of the friends and supporters of Lord Dalhousie, whose administration of Canadian affairs had been assailed. In 1834, Mr. Gale was appointed a Justice of the Queen's Bench for the Province of Montreal, and held the office until 1849, when he was forced to retire by continued ill-health, and the approaching infirmities of age. His wife, who was Miss Hawley of St. Armand West, died several years ago, leaving three daughters, who survive their father.

In the early part of his life, Mr. Gale was a steadfast supporter of the crown, as his parents were before him, and of the prerogatives of the Sovereign as by law established. Yet he was no friend to arbitrary government or legislation. In a good sense of the word he was "a conservative"—not in that sense which would wed him to the support of wrong. "Both as lawyer and judge," says a memoir of him in the Montreal *Gazette*, "he won the respect of his associates alike by his ability and bearing. Of late years his heart has been most deeply interested in the freedom of the slave. He could not speak with patience of any compromise with slavery and waxed indignant in denunciation of all who in any way aided, abetted or even countenanced it. When the Anderson case was before the Upper Canada Courts he was one of the most active among those who aroused agitation here. When the Prince of Wales visited the country he got up a congratulatory address from the colored people of Canada, which, however, was not received, as the Prince was desired by the Duke of Newcastle not to recognize differences of race and creed wherever it could be helped."

These traits of character and incidents of his life are those which will especially secure for him the respect and honor of loyal Americans. They recognize in him a mind and a heart above mere local and national differences, embracing great principles of justice and right, and frankly committing himself to their support. And while our neighbors in Canada feel that their community has lost "a loyal subject, a learned and upright judge, a kind, true and steadfast friend, in Judge Gale," we, of the party and service of Freedom in the United States, may still more feel that his heart, his best thoughts, hopes, wishes, and prayers, were given to our cause and to our country in her great contest with the worst of despotisms, and that his latest blessing was upon the efforts of all anti-slavery and truly loyal men to make her forever the Land of the Free. M.

The Annual Meeting.—We hope that every earnest member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who can do so, will make it a point to attend the coming Annual Meeting. It is understood that Mr. Garrison, the founder, and, for more than twenty years, the President of the Society, is so firmly persuaded that the time to dissolve it has come, that he will not longer consent to be its presiding officer or a member of its Executive Board. A majority of the present Executive Committee, it is understood, holding substantially the same opinion, will also decline a reelection, except for the purpose of winding up the Society's affairs; so that, in any event, this will be the last meeting of the Society under its present auspices. To many, therefore, it will be a Jubilee gathering—an occasion for heartfelt congratulations, thrilling memories and tender farewells. We hope, on this account, and in view of the important matters referred to in the official call, to meet a large number of the steadfast members of the Society.

A Letter from George Thompson, giving the incidents of his visit to South Carolina, in company with Mr. Garrison and others, which we hoped to receive on Tuesday, did not reach us till Wednesday—too late for publication this week. It shall appear in our next, together with a letter from Aaron M. Powell, giving us a report of his observations at Charleston and Fort Sumter.

## THE SAINTS COMING FROM THE GRAVES.

### A SERMON

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

April 22, 1865.

"And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the Saints who slept, arose and came out of the grave after the resurrection."—*Matthew*, xxvii, 52.

My Friends: It is but two weeks since I stood here, but it seems many. In that brief fortnight a whole people have undergone the shock of a great experience Emotions have been excited and passions have been aroused, which have wrought something like a moral revolution in the state of the public mind. These badges of mourning indicate the occurrence of a tragedy such as in any other part of the world might have shaken the foundations of an Empire and disordered the Constitution of a State. Absence from the city prevented my speaking to you last Sunday. Continued absence prevented my being with you on Wednesday, when the speakers of the land were pouring out their eloquence over the dead President, in simultaneous tribute to his noble worth. On Thursday again, I would have called you together most willingly, had I been permitted to follow the impulse of my own heart; but even had I returned to the city in time to make arrangements—and I did return as quickly as conveyances would bring me—I was physically in no condition to address an audience. So I come before you at this late hour with my lesson drawn from recent events, hoping that I may be able to say something that may be not untimely nor unfit. I come with very deep emotion, which has not had time, as yours has, to spend itself in words or shows of grief, or opportunity to express itself in the ordinary communications of sympathy which you have had; but you, I am sure, will be willing to dwell another hour in the atmosphere of the last week's associations, and I, while saying my word, shall try to remember how many words have been said already, and shall do my best to remind you of the morrow which succeeds every day of pain. You will forgive me, too, if with the truths I present I weave in as argument and illustration my own personal experiences during this time, making what has passed before my own eyes the background against which I shall set the image of my truth.

My lesson is a lesson of resurrection from graves. I shall have to speak of graves, but only with a view to the glorious risings therefrom, which make graves the interesting and touching things they are. Opposites always succeed and suggest one another. Death starts the idea of life. But for our mortality where would be the conception of our immortality? When we step on a real grave we are sure of treading near to a portal of eternity. Think me not too sad, therefore, when I speak this morning of graves. It is because I believe so deeply in the power that gets the victory over them that I dare describe them so darkly. It is only because I can see so much glory through them that I venture to dig them so deep. If I could not speak of resurrections, I would never speak of tombs.

It will be just two weeks to-morrow since I sailed for Sumter and Charleston. That morning we had the news of Gen. Lee's surrender with his army. The people were wild with joy. Victory was radiant on all faces. Men and women were impatient of the jubilee day, which seemed to them too long delayed. In the heart's atmosphere there was no cloud, but a general sunshine diffused its brilliancy over all minds. It was a kind of pain to leave a city so full of rejoicing; but we had rejoicing in our bosoms, and we saw in fancy brighter and brighter rejoicings beyond. And so we did, and so we do still; but every step towards that glory has been over graves—over a succession of graves. We have walked all the way among ashes.

The first was Sumter; a huge tumulous; a vast pile of dirt heaped up over the dead: yes, over the soul of a dead past; a terrible mass of ruins, enormous, undistinguishable; mountains of bricks, loads of mortar, tons of solid shot and broken shell, of guns and gun carriages, piled up in great uneven hills over hundreds and hundreds of mangled men; lines of round baskets, filled with dirt and sand, rising tier on tier where the bomb-proof casemates had been, set there to protect the soldiers from shot; but how many soldiers slept their last sleep beneath them! The arena of the fort had been drenched with blood, like the arena in the amphi- [illegible] these grim colonnades of basket work, one might see a ghastly row of coffins, awfully suggestive of the work daily going forward. The mark of destruction was on every stone, on every foot of ground; and when the old torn flag flew to the top of the staff, it seemed like a spirit trying to escape from a charnel house. All the life, stir, order, and vigor it once gazed down on had departed. It lingered on its perch but a moment, and then gave place to another, the new flag of a new Republic.

The second grave was Charleston. How deep the spirit of humanity was buried there! A tomb for that spirit the city had always been even at its fairest; a beautiful sepulchre of justice, overrun with roses and jessamin, fragrant with orange blossoms, its whited plaster shining in the sun. The spirit of fraternity was always buried there, so that it could not rise. But now other spirits were buried there too; elegance, courtliness, grace, urbanity, had lain themselves down to sleep in the grave which they themselves had dug for human kindness. The pillars of their State had crumbled and fallen in on themselves. The city was a scene of such utter desolation as unaided fancy can hardly depict. The actual sight of it was more than any imagination approached. It was nothing but a grave; it was a series of layers of graves. At night the blackness of an Egyptian midnight rested over it, unrelieved by a single lamp, hearsing the town in mysterious gloom; and from the streets, shrouded in a silence as profound as the darkness, came no sound of human voices indicating that it was the abode of men. In the day time the finger marks of the destroyer were black on every door-post. The "Swamp Angel" had dropped his iron powder-magazine into nearly every conspicuous building of the town, and no dwelling was too humble to escape his notice. The gaping wounds caused by the shell stared at us on every corner and on every side. If a building to the outward view seemed unhurt, a glance at the interior revealed a heap of desolation in torn ceilings, shattered walls, and splintered doors. The streets were strewn with fragments of ruin. Every structure was a grave, and a polluted grave. The dwelling-houses were melancholy graves of the homes that once flourished there, and a harder heart than mine would have found it difficult to repress its tears for all that was buried beneath those blackened, crumbling walls. The warehouses and shops, banking houses, insurance offices, cotton-marts, and hotels were graves of the business that once had been done in them; the papers strewn about the floors, and lying thick on the streets outside; the open drawers and safes showing how completely the soul of trade had fled. The ruined altars and chancels of the fine old churches, the prostrate columns, the rent ceilings, had beneath them buried the Prayer Books and Bibles of the worshippers; and even the records of the sacred place, how or why left there, we knew not, in being there revealed, more than anything else could reveal, the desolation of the sanctuary. Treason the murderer had stabbed himself to the heart and buried himself here in the suicide's grave. A terrible conflagration had made the centre of the city such a wilderness as only a burned city can be, the blackened chimneys and walls looking sadly up from the scathed ground whereon no creature lived, or could live. A green patch of shrubbery here and there, in some secluded yard, made the dreariness tenfold more dreary. The flames had been no respecters of persons or of places, but, singularly enough, they had stopped at the cemetery wall of the Church of our Liberal Faith, which stood lonely and lovely on the edge of the melancholy desert, ready to open its doors to the preachers of the new gospel of Liberty and Peace. In the main streets the pavement had been torn up for the construction of fortifications in the harbor.

The broken carriage of the great Blakely gun, whose bursting caused more havoc than its firing, lay by the once fashionable promenade. The private gardens were neglected, and the gates swung on their hinges to admit any plunderer who might come in. The fine houses were headquarters of officers, who turned the parlors into offices, and had their rough messengers running in and out over the marble floors, while the former occupants thereof were fugutives or beggars. The public buildings were occupied for military purposes. The soul of the city had fled. One saw no gentleman, no lady, no active men of business. The former resident, if he remained in his house, answered the door bell from his upper window, or looked sullenly from behind his barred gate.

There was a grave indeed, and over it stood the soldiers keeping watch, as over the grave of the Christ; soldiers at every corner, before every public house, reckless and rough as soldiers always are; and Union soldiers are no better than the rest. There was another slavery established—the slavery of the military chief. The only will that was obeyed was the will of the man who had a sword at his side. One could not hire a carriage or a horse without his order. He took what he wanted, and from anybody. He pillaged wine cellars, he plundered houses of their furniture, he tyrannized and debauched at pleasure. No person said to him nay. He put to flight morality and decency. The military occupation of a city is a terrible thing. The peacefulness of war is more deadly than its carnage. The soldiery are fast thrusting Charleston into hell, piling one tomb upon another. Black man and white are alike their victims. The boudman has another master, and in some respects a more kindless one. The civilian stands waiting on the lieutenant's nod. Nor is this all. The soldier is followed by the sutler, who opens his extortioner's shop in the places where merchants once bought and sold. The meanest of traders pour in and offer the meanest of wares to the meanest of customers. Greed watches its victim with hungry eye. Pillage, under the name of traffic, goes on everywhere, and all considerations of justice and fairness and honesty are sunk in the degrading passion for money. These vile traders are to civilization what rotting leaves are to a forest. The promise of future luxuriance and life is in them, but their immediate menace is of mould and decay. They corrupt and poison first.

There seemed scarcely anything left in Charleston to respect, and the sentiment of respect seemed to leave the bosoms of those who touched it. Of our large company of visitors some appeared to wholly forget themselves in that atmosphere of sepulchral desolation. Whatever they could lay hands on they carried off. Not satisfied to take flowers from the garden, they came, some of them, with their arms full of valuable books from the public library; and one attempted with sacrilegious hand to break a bit of marble from the slab on which was cut the historic name of the great nullifier, Calhoun. Was anything more wanting to complete the sepulchral character of the scene? I turned away from it, not merely as from a city of the dead, but as from a city of death. It was a grave with a great stone rolled to the mouth of it; all within dampness and mould and corruption.

Over the sunny seas we sped again, back to the dear homes we had left, expecting to find them gladder as we drew near them; back to the land of victory and power and peace, and illumination and resurrection, hoping to forget there soon the bitterness we had passed through, in loud rejoicings over a rebellion conquered. But ere our feet touched the shore, we had stumbled over another grave, a grave long and wide and deep, into which the nation seemed for the moment to have fallen; the grave of the President, dug by the same hand that had dug those others we had left. We came to cities literally hung with black, to people who moved as in funeral procession, to houses draped like funeral monuments, to a country melted in tears. The towns were hearses, and the people within them moved about like ghosts.

What a grave was that in which lay the rugged, gaunt, humane man, whose heart was a little child; the simple, strong, loyal man, whom all the world called honest; the man who had gained our respect by his integrity, our love by his human kindness, our confidence by his manly sincerity and practical wisdom, our veneration by his incorruptible manliness of soul; vindicator of the lowly without arrogance, emancipator of the oppressed without boasting, leader of a great civil war without vindictiveness, commander-in-chief of an army of 500,000 men with the word of God always on his lips, an olive branch always in his hand, humility ever in his heart. The people's man, the people's friend, all men's friend; the American President and representattive; the stout Republican, without contempt for kings, and with no cant of democracy on his lips; the best friend his worst enemies had; the grand pardoner, the generous forgetter, the large-hearted reconciler, the ready peacemaker, the merciful ruler and judge, uncompromising in the nation's war, uncompromising in the nation's pacification; the hope of the coming four years as he had been the strength of the four years past; the man who knew no distinction of persons; the man who would keep the diplomat waiting in the ante-room while a poor black woman prayed with him in his closet; man of "long enduring blood, moderate, resolute, whole in himself, a common good; man of amplest influence, yet clearest of ambitious crime; rich in saving common sense, and, as the greatest only are, in his simplicity sublime."

Homeward-bound officers from Gen. Lee's army, whom we talked with, showed themselves sensible to his magnanimity, expressed their belief that their own people had lost their best friend just at the critical point of their fortunes, and anxiously asked what was likely to be the effect of his murder on the public mind of the North. Richmond sympathizes with New York in her lamentation, and Charleston, if there were a Charleston, would mingle tears with Boston over this common grave.

How fiercely the world spirit pushes the spirit of humanity from age to age, and from place to place! How savagely it dogs its footsteps. How insatiably it hungers for its blood! What desolations it will make to get at him! It was so of old. It will be so to the end. The story of the Christ teaches the same lesson. How many times was the sweet spirit of Jesus buried! He was buried once in the mass of the stolid, headstrong nation from which he sprung—buried as within impenetrable walls; one sweet, lovely flower, hid in a wilderness of weeds and brambles, liable, it would seem, to be choked by them utterly. He was buried again beneath the mass of ceremonies, observances, traditions, prejudices which filled the nation's mind with their litter, and blocked every passage by which a free soul could get out into the air of simple truth. They lay like immense boulders in the path of every brave soul. They were stones ready for the hand of violence to seize and throw at the prophets of a noble wisdom. They shut down on the rising mind like heavens of brass, and none but an angel spirit could break out from their confinement.

The Spirit of Truth burst from these graves, one by one. It rolled away the heavy stone which the national spirit placed against it. It pushed aside the obstacles which the religious spirit threw in its path. It rose above Sabbaths and priesthoods, mosaic laws and clerical traditions. There was but one grave remaining—the grave which swallowed up his body—the grave into which his murderers thrust him; and that could not hold him long; he burst through it; he went out again into the world; he flew from place to place; his enemies had but killed his limitations and turned his encumbrances into dust; he needed no feet now to walk with, no hands to work with, no tongue to speak with; he was pure spirit; he was air and light. The more his enemies killed him, the more they made him alive. The deeper they buried him, the closer they brought him into communication with the spirit of everlasting life. They killed a body and emancipated a soul. They buried an individual and delivered a spirit of humanity.

So the Spirit of Truth and Humanity in the nation has passed through all these graves. It has broken out of them, and left them heaps of ruin. It was buried beneath Sumter, and Sumter is a mound of earth. It was struck down by an assassin's hand in Washington; it will break out of that tomb resplendent as ever. You cannot kill it. The stones you heap upon it become monuments. The graves you dig for it are openings into immortality. The spots you redden with its blood are hallowed in the history of mankind. The more graves, the more resurrections; the deeper the pit into which you cast it, the more exalted the heavens to which you raise it; the nobler the incarnation of it that you struck down, the grander the Archangel that you place on the throne.

At the mouth of each of the graves I have tried to describe to you this morning, I saw with bodily eyes the same angel sitting in different garments of glory. At Sumter he stood amid the roar of cannon from forts and war ships, the rolling out of national anthems from thousands of loyal bosoms, the loud music of military bands, the living green of tropical verdure, the honored forms of patriot chieftains and civilians, and happy throngs of men and women; he stood wrapped about with the country's flag, and, using that castle ruin as a pulpit, poured out noble words of justice and reconciliation and brotherly love and peace for all mankind—words that were the echo of the angels' song at Bethlehem and of the angel's whisper at Gethsemane—words pregnant with new civilizations and Christendoms—words that in that place, which had rung so long with shouts of battle and groans of the dying, sounded like prayers from the heart of a war-sick, sin-sick world. On that mound I shook hands with Garrison, the Liberator, serene as ever on that shattered relic and spoiled symbol of the terrible power he had resisted so long. That power had no force to harm a hair of his head. It had gone—it was dead; he, the non-resistant, was unscathed, his skin soft, his eye clear, his voice sweet, his heart untouched by age or strife, holding out its everlasting charity oven to the fierce inhumanity which had left its curse on those stones. The black man and his deliverer sang their psalm together, their feet planted on the breast of the dead slave king.

And where was the angel at that grave of Charleston? He was there, full surely, though many looked on him and did not know him, more than they did who doubted about the risen Christ. He was not clothed in white raiment, though his face was shining like the sun. He was black and unbeautiful, without form or comeliness; his raiment was rags, or little better; but he stood the symbol of the new hope for the future. The black people were the only sign of grace in Charleston. They were happy and trustful. "I have not so much to eat as I had before," said an old black woman who was waiting in the crowd in front of the citadel to hear Mr. Garrison speak; "I don't care for that; I am old and shall soon be gone, but I shall die happy, knowing that my children will be free." And a man said to me, with deep emotion, "If we were all to get down on our knees before you, we could not bless and thank you enough for what you have done for us. Charleston was a hell, and you made it a heaven." On my asking what he did for a livelihood, he replied: "What I always did, bake bread; but now I do it as a free man, and my earnings are my own." These people already send 3,500 children to school, where fifty respectable and educated women of Charleston cooperate with Northern teachers in giving them instruction. They have formed an active temperance society. They have established a reading room; they have subscribed money, and given time, labor and zeal towards the erection of a monument over the remains of our Union soldiers, whose bodies had been hastily interred on the race course. They have instituted a society for the care of the poor and sick, and their women, after working all day as such people have to work, particularly under such circumstances, take hours out of the night and care for the soldiers in the hospitals. They have founded a Loyal League Society, for the promotion of the Union spirit and the cultivation of the feeling of devotion to their new country; and with all this work, the name of our dead President is linked forever.

Of course all these associations are small and weak, but they are animated by the same spirit that originates and supports similar associations among ourselves, and they attest the vital humanity that is in these hitherto down-trodden people. In their dim, grotesque way, they show their sense of the altered condition of affairs, of their novel responsibilities, and of the sort of work which they will be required to do. That work is indeed immense. Never before did I have an idea of the gigantic nature of the task before the country. It seemed as if mines of money, fleets of commercial civilization, armies of teachers and regenerators, hosts of industrial and social organizers, would be insufficient to accomplish it. The death looked like the second death, from which there is no resurrection. Yet here, out of the black and bloody ground, overgrown with weeds and piled up with ruins, here was the little flower of immortality in the hearts of these poor black people. Here could be descried the germs of the new civilization; here, in these simple, natural, trusting, child-like hearts, could be discovered the seeds of a new piety. The heart filled with tears in looking at them. The voice broke in speaking with them. Their enthusiasm over Mr. Garrison burst out in song and speech, in wild shouts of rapture, in choking sobs and tears. Poor souls! They knew not what might be before them, but my very soul blessed God for what I saw within them, for the angel of the Resurrection, who had taken refuge in these dark forms, and lay hidden there till the great morning broke. It is enough to be sure that the angel is there. We are certain that he will not leave the earth that needs him.

And now let us stand a few minutes by that other [illegible]-dug grave, where lies the noble man and the noble President, and see, if we can, the angel there. It is early dawn yet, as it was when Mary went to the sepulchre; and the air is still too misty with the vapor of our tears to allow of our seeing anything with much distinctness. We may take white napkins to be angels, and we may take the Christ to be a gardener. But something we can see if we try.

1. In the first place, out of the grave of the President rises the image of a very pure and noble man; the clear image of a great character, free from the stains and limitations of worldly position and circumstance. I do not feel called on to praise Mr. Lincoln here, or to describe him. I have done that many times before; others have done it; the newspaper and magazine press has done it. All the people know him, and all about him, and there is a singular unanimity in regard to him, owing to the extreme simplicity of his character, which renders explanation, justification and eulogy alike needless. He has fallen in the fulness of his power, and at the height of his fame, as a great and good man might wish to fall; he has fallen at the moment of his greatest success as a ruler, on the very eve of a glorious consummation of the struggle which began at the beginning of his own rule; he has fallen in the arms of victory, and almost in the arms of peace; and he has fallen by that blow which never fails to set the seal of grandeur and of tenderness on a great man's end—the blow of an assassin. No ordinary death would have been half as impressive as the "deep damnation" of this "taking off"; no ordinary death would have thrown his character out in such strong relief; and it is precisely such a character as the American people need to see in strong relief. In the resplendence of his peculiar personal virtues his career suddenly closes. There is no wasting away, no slow tapering off of existence, no

through the agency of this deep and universal sorrow. Tears are humanizing; fellow-mourners are fellow-sympathizers; and sympathizers in any deep grief become fellow-believers. Many a dark memory, many a black stain of hatred, many a line of division between persons and parties, many an ugly thought of difference and alienation, will be washed out by the flood of a nation's tears. Hearts will soften and warm to one another; the glow of a common pity and a common love will melt the hard and stubborn together. As the long funereal procession winds its slow way from Washington to Springfield, amid throngs of weepers, it will bind cities and villages together in bands of a common tenderness, till the dead President will have done more than the living President did to bind the hearts of all the people. The effect may not be lasting, but it will be sweet and saving while it lasts; and it may last long enough to be a substantial contribution to that spirit o peace and concord which befits the time, and which is so sorely needed now.

4. May it not be something, too, that while we have all the greatness and goodness of our President thus embalmed in our feeling and glorified in our memory, we have a new name associated with the President's office which he has left vacant. May it not be an incidental advantage that in the work of reconstruction we have a President whose name is not steeped in all the bitterness and the venom of the war? The new President, too, is a man of the people like the first; a man who, like the first, has made his way up from the humblest position of the working mass—a man of simple habits and tastes, a man of work and patience, of straightforward, blunt honesty, too; full of nature's rugged power, but no "Yankee," no so-called partisan of local Northern interests, no fancied devotee of pet Northern ideas, no natural enemy, so-reckoned, of the South, no prejudiced hater of Southern people and institutions, no trained and sworn representative of the Northern spirit, whose implacability has been so much dreaded; a Southern man with Northern principles; coming from a rebel State, yet a firm believer in nationality; a Democrat, and a Unionist; born and bred in the midst of slavery, and an Abolitionist. Will not the Southern people be more likely to acquiesce in his policy and submit to his rule than they were to that of his predecessor? Will they not have less of prejudice to overcome, less of rancor to recover from, less of passion to smother? It would seem as if they might have. During the Presidential canvass, the opponents of the Administration urged the impolicy of renominating a man who had been identified from the beginning with the war, and whose name had been tossed from mouth to mouth coupled with every epithet of vituperative scorn. Providence has now withdrawn him from his place. Let us hope that his withdrawing may prove the withdrawing with him of any such unreasonable and passionate prejudices as might obstruct the way to a speedy and permanent peace.

One may be allowed to wish that the new incumbent had more of the forgiving temper of his predecessor; but his austerity may be tempered by events. One might wish, too, that he had less of that intolerant spirit which will allow no foreign power to have a foothold on the continent, and would embroil the nation in a foreign war for the sake of monopolizing half the habitable globe; but future events may save us from a contingency towards which our Southern foes are confidently looking. "You must give up the Monroe doctrine, or fight Maximilian and Napoleon," said a young officer of Lee's army to me, as we came on the boat from Fortress Monroe to Baltimore; "and if you fight the French Emperor, you must fight us again; for we offer him our swords, and he secures for us our independence." I could only say: "God grant that Maximilian's throne, like every other throne that has been planted on the convulsed soil of Mexico, may totter and fall from inherent weakness ere that day comes."

Out of the open graves the saintly forms throng faster than I can count them, and most glorious of them all is the Angel of Faith and Power in the heart of our great Republic. How majestically the genius of our people breaks out of the barred gloom of this terrible grave! Without a jar the spirit of democratic America, the spirit of Justice and Liberty, moves on to complete its career. Tenderly it lays its dead child in the ground, but does not stop its march, even as it drops its tear. No muscle relaxes, no nerve is unstrung; there is no quivering of hand or trembling of foot. The people live by their own power. The President was the child of the people, and his death but shows how wonderfully prolific is the great human mother who brought him forth, and who has in her bosom many others as noble and good as he.

Eulogize the President as we may, we only eulogize the common humanity of the common people. Exalt him as we may, we do but exalt the kingly spirit of the common people, to whose line he belonged. Glorify him as we may, we do but glorify that which is greater than any President, or any martyr, or any saint, which indeed confers glory on all Presidents, martyrs and saints, the creative genius of unadorned humanity.

Thus, dear friends, as we emerge from the night of our sorrow, I show you, as well as the twilight will allow, the forms of saintly hopes ascending from these opened graves. But what can they do for us, if the Angel of the Resurrection does not stand, tall and bright, in our own hearts? We are sitting too much in the shadow. We have draped in black our spirits as well as our houses. I notice with profound regret and sorrow the prevalence of a sombre, morose, austere and vindictive temper. And I have marked the existence of a feeling towards the murderer of the President that seems to me horrible and fiendish. I feel as you do about that crime and its perpetrator. It is one of those great historic crimes that mark and damn a century, and the perpetrator thereof has written his name on the roll of the abhorred of mankind. But I dread the popular thirst for blood: I dread the hideous excitement of glutted vengeance; I dread the horrible outbreak of passion when the multitude in its rage rends its victim. I would rather the murderer died by his own suicidal hand, or by the hands of those who tried to take him. Let the earth be rid of him; but O God! spare us any further excitement of the people's wrath.

Dear friends, he whom we mourn was gentle, kind, forgiving. He could not bear malice or rancor in his bosom. He could not strike a fallen foe. Was his enemy hungry, he would feed him; was he thirsty, he would give him drink. He was a reconciler, a forgetter, a deep and unwearied pardoner. If our sorrow for him will not make us merciful, O may our reverence for him make us so. If we honor him, let us honor him in his noblest and sweetest characteristics! If we love him, let us keep his commandments! If we cherish his memory, let us cherish it as he would approve could he look into our hearts! Let that honored father see that we are his worthy children! Let us not renounce and repudiate his spirit while shedding tears over his coffin, nor cultivate in ourselves a temper in the least akin to that which put him to death. Let us rather be dumb, and, as the shadow of his funeral cortege passes by us, with its solemn pomp, let us pray that the sweet spirit that was in him may take possession of us and sanctify us.

THE SEWARDS—father and son—were improving at last accounts. On Wednesday he obtained permission of his physicians to ride out. He thus enjoyed the genial midsummer air for several hours, and seemed refreshed by the exercise. Strange as it may seem, it is claimed that the terrible assault upon him, and the consequent loss of blood, was just what his system needed physically, while the shock given his mental faculties by the President's death and attendant circumstances roused all the latent energies of his nature, and so far as he is individually concerned, the assault of Atzerot has proved a benefit. Mr. Frederick Seward was so much better on Wednesday that he was able to converse with his wife.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, alluding to the rumors that President Johnson was about to place a new man at the head of the State Department, says: "I am authorized by the highest authority to say that, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, the President will in no event dispense with the services of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State; that he entertains for him the deepest sympathy in his sufferings, and regards the preservation of his life as second to that of no man in the nation, and impatiently awaits the time when he will have the benefit of his counsel."

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT reports the substance of a speech delivered by Wendell Phillips in that city last Sunday evening. We regret that we cannot publish the speech in full this week.

## *THE ASSASSIN DISCOVERED AND KILLED!*

JUST as we are going to press, the following telegram is received:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Thursday, April 27—9:20 a. m.

*Major-Gen.* DIX: J. Wilkes Booth and Harrold were chased from the swamps in St. Mary's County, Maryland, to Garrett's farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, by Col. Baker's force. The barn in which they took refuge was fired. Booth was shot and killed, and Harrold captured. Booth's body and Harrold are now here.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1865.

THE remains of the late President have passed from the Capital, and Mr. Johnson has been sworn in and has entered upon his duties. He has even gone so far already as to give unmistakable indications of his course. Something of that bye and bye.

Mr. Lincoln has passed away from the place where he has won the most of his renown. Here his remarkable character was made known. He was at first unappreciated, undervalued. People did not know him, and in fact he had not grown to fill the position. Mr. Lincoln *grew* in the stature of his mind very rapidly after he attained to power. Before he was killed he had gained over to warm friendship thousands of men who did not desire his renomination, and was just beginning the work of reconstruction in earnest. The very day of his murder the plan for the reconstruction of Virginia was agreed upon and submitted to the Cabinet. The new President has the scheme now in his possession, and I hear that it meets with his approval. It seems now as if no other of our public men could have carried out the plan so well as its author. The very fact that Mr. Lincoln was gentle and loving gave him a wonderful power over the people. Even if they did not like his policy, they waited and gave it opportunity to develop. They were patient with him as he was with events. A bolder man would have met with more opposition.

It is strange that no better care of his life should have been taken by those whose duty it was to protect it. As is well known, Mr. Lincoln himself was without suspicion or fear. He had no thought of assassination or attack. It should have been, therefore, the daily and hourly duty of somebody else to have cared for his life, to have watched over it and shielded it from the assassin's arm. Mrs. Lincoln was constantly troubled with the thought of the assassination of her husband. She frequently got a servant to accompany him, well armed, when he went out alone after dark. One of these servants should have stood behind the door of the box at the theatre while his master was inside; but he did what was an unusual thing for him—he went down among the orchestra seats, and there sat till he was startled by the cry that Mr. Lincoln was killed.

But it is idle to recur to "what *might* have been." It will not bring back the life that is lost to its country. Mr. Lincoln is dead, and the nation mourns. Thank Heaven! we have a great deal to rejoice over yet. The government is secure—the national life has not been touched. Booth was fool as well as miscreant. Did he hope to overthrow the government by killing Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward? Even if the deadly plot had been entirely successful, and Lincoln, Johnson, Seward and Stanton had all been mercilessly murdered—what then? The government would have lived—the national life would not have been harmed. He was mad, therefore, as well as monstrously wicked. It was not in the power of man to rescue the rebellion or to destroy the power that destroyed the rebellion. Thank Heaven for that.

It is generally supposed by those who understood Booth's character that he really had little hope of benefiting the rebels by his infamous act. It was the work of baffled hate. Seeing that the rebellion was crushed, that "the South" lay at the mercy of the government, Booth determined to have his revenge in one way—by striking the hardest blow within his power *at the government*. So he plotted the assassination of the President, Vice President and prominent members of the Cabinet. He killed one man, and he the noblest we had, but the cause is not shaken, the government is as strong as ever. The only change is this: hereafter *rebels will be punished*. That is, the guilty leaders will. It cannot be helped. As Mr. Johnson says, the aristocracy of the South must be broken. Nothing short of this will make it safe to give the Southern people the power of electing their own rulers. The rebel leaders must be punished.

And now respecting the new President. He has made speeches enough since Thursday morning to fill a small volume, and with the exception of one of them, but one single idea was enunciated—*that treason should be punished like any other crime*. The speeches, reduced to the shortest possible compass, would read about as follows: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your confidence. While I have mercy for the common people of the South, I mean that the guilty leaders shall be punished." He has exhibited great shrewdness in talking a good deal without going into details—without committing himself to a particular policy. There was one exceptional speech—the one addressed to the Indiana delegation. Gov. Morton seemed determined to ascertain what the new President's views upon "reconstruction" were. He was successful; Mr. Johnson discoursing at considerable length upon the "State-suicide" theory and upon the Lincolnian plan of allowing the loyal people of a State to govern it. There was not a word, however, upon the negro suffrage question. I am told that he favors the handing over to the really loyal people of the Southern States the decision of this issue. Not to the rebels or their friends—not to the white aristocracy of the South. If the loyal white men feel willing to give to the black man the suffrage, Mr. Johnson will be pleased. *Personally* he favors it. As a citizen of Tennessee he would give the suffrage to intelligent, loyal black men to protect it against the machinations of the white aristocracy. The determination of the President to punish and not pardon the rebel leaders, it is supposed, will drive them all out of the country. It is not probable that he will care if they choose to save their necks from the halter by ignominious flight. In fact I think he would rather like it. If all the guilty leaders in the rebellion were to quit the country there would be little difficulty in bringing peace and cordial reunion. That slavery is totally destroyed even the rebels admit—the worst of them I mean. All that they ask is pardon and political power. Once pardoned, they expect soon to be able to regain power in the South. Mr. Johnson *means to block this game*.

The loyal people of Washington are a good deal exercised over the return of some of the most infamous rebels from Virginia to their old homes in this city. One of the worst of these was a wealthy physician, by name, Dr. Boyle. He went into the rebellion at the outset, losing his property here in consequence. He has a parole, being in Lee's army, and is protected by it in his person. The *Republican* of last evening contains a communication in which other cases are stated To show the feeling of loyal people I will quote two or three paragraphs from it:

"I am told that the wife and daughters of that arch-traitor Daniel Ratcliffe are now roaming at large in our streets. She has returned, it is said, for the purpose of recovering possession of the property they abandoned when four years ago they sneaked off to Richmond, where he, for months, was engaged in the very laudable enterprise of searching the Northern trains as they entered that home of perjured traitors, and selecting Washingtonians who loved the Union and throwing them into prison! He has been (so it is understood here, and his wife has not been far behind him) one of the most cruel of the hundreds of demons who have flourished in that 'den of thieves,' and he remained there till his cowardly carcass sought safety in flight, when the colored troops marched in and took possession! He is now in the South, while she comes North to secure a pleasant retreat for him whenever it suits his convenience to change his place of residence.

"When they fled the house was left in complete order, they expecting confidently to return to it in a short time with Jeff. Davis for President and a rebel army at their heels! They went with little money—she returns, it is said, 'flush' with gold, and, like the wife of 'Hangman Foote,' who was here a few days ago, spends it lavishly. Wonder whence it came! Perhaps some of our poor robbed soldiers can give evidence on this point!

"A more intolerant villain than he was before rebellion did not exist in Washington. Well do I recollect the time when he and that red-mouthed Donoho hissed on the rabble at Justice Donn's office, inciting the multitude to murder Dr. Breed for expressing anti-slavery sentiments—the Doctor only escaping through the interposition of some few friends who had collected on the spot. He it was who on several occasions threatened to drive Union men out of Washington because *they were Union men*, and who but a few days before the first inauguration of President Lincoln boasted to a gentleman now in the city, that 'WE *have matters so arranged that that man whom* YOU *expect to be President shall never be inaugurated*.'"

Under President Johnson such persons cannot get much comfort here. It has not been so in the past. Rebel sympathizers have made money out of the war and sneered at "the Yankees" all the time. AVON.

## Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 24th, 1865.

THE spectacle presented by this city last Wednesday, the funeral day of the murdered President, was impressive beyond description. The grief of Boston for the nation's loss was even more demonstrative and universal than her rejoicing, a short time since, at the repeated triumphs of the Federal armies. Everywhere, funeral emblems met the eye, on the houses and shops of the poorest, as well as where the apparatus of mourning could be lavishly and tastefully displayed. The city wept with the nation.

The strongest and the most unwonted sign of the pressure made by this crisis upon the popular heart was the *total* cessation of business. Early in the morning, the newspaper shops were open as usual for the circulation of the morning papers. When, after an hour or two, they were closed, the entire business of the city had ceased for the day. Not a store or shop of any description could be found, open. Even the apothecaries' shops, the oyster saloons, the eating-houses and the drinking shops were shut, and all windows and doors bore symbols of grief, the most common being the American flag bordered or twined with black drapery.

Where devices and inscriptions appeared, they generally, of course, expressed the national significance of the sad event which called them forth. But very many, by reference to the personal excellencies of the late President, showed the hearty esteem and attachment so generally felt for him as a man.

Some of these inscriptions marked the lesson to be drawn from the perpetration of a crime so enormous, and the attempt at a still greater one (the simultaneous murder of *all* the chiefs of the government and army), by the rebel Slave Power. For instance:—a large white shield, edged with black, bore this inscription—

Lincoln Died
that the
Nation
Might live.
First the
Crucifixion:
afterwards the
Transfiguration.

The front of the Boston Theatre (where Edwin Booth, the brother of the assassin, had been playing when the terrible news arrived) bore very conspicuously the well known lines in which Macbeth prospectively traces the retributive effect of the murder of *such* a ruler as Duncan—

"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

While the decorators were nailing up, in front of a house in Winter Street, the recent emphatic words of Andrew Johnson respecting the crime of treason, and the penalty appropriately belonging to it, a gentleman among the spectators expressed aloud his agreement with the sentiment, and his feeling was warmly echoed by those around. The people here feel, as they never felt before, the necessity of thoroughness in the work of national reconstruction.

At twelve o'clock, the hour appointed for the funeral in Washington, the running of rail-road trains and horse-cars in this city ceased, and the people thronged the churches, many of which were elaborately draped with mourning. At two o'clock the bells were tolled and minute guns were fired; and in the afternoon there was an immense procession of citizens, followed by mass meetings on the Common. The moving crowds everywhere showed a quiet, a stillness, a solemnity of manner, impressively setting forth the reality and depth of the public grief.

In this state of things there is, as might be expected, a marked readiness of the people to hear those who are most competent to address them on national affairs and the announcement that Wendell Phillips, Rev. J. M. Manning, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Hon. George Thompson and others were to speak in the Tremont Temple last evening (Sunday) drew out an immense audience, so densely filling the house that hundreds were obliged to stand through the whole evening.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. Clarke, and a personal narration by William Wells Brown, describing his experience of slavery and his escape from it, a very serious and impressive address was made by Wendell Phillips. He briefly rehearsed the old progressive prosperity of the Slave Power, and the indifference of the people, the clergy and the people alike to this fact and to the demonstrations in regard to it by the Abolitionists, and then spoke of the war, and of its closing catastrophe, the Assassination, ascribing the latter to that fiendish spirit of sympathy with the slaveholding spirit of secession which exists abundantly at the North as well as at the South. The portion of his address which refers to the personal excellencies and official administration, the brilliant destiny and enduring fame of President Lincoln is so justly discriminating and so beautiful, that I clip it for you from this morning's *Daily Advertiser*.

"And what of him in whose precious blood this momentous lesson is writ? He sleeps in the blessings of the poor, whose fetters God commissioned him to break. Give prayers and tears to the desolate widow and the fatherless, but count him blessed far above the crowd of his fellowmen. (Fervent cries of 'Amen!') He was permitted himself to deal the last staggering blow which sent rebellion reeling to its grave; and then, holding his darling boy by the hand, to walk the streets of its surrendered capital, while his ears drank in praise and thanksgiving which bore his name to the throne of God in every form piety and gratitude could invest, and then to seal the sure triumph of the cause he loved with his own blood. He caught the first notes of the coming jubilee and heard his own name in every one. Who among living men may not envy him? Suppose that when, a boy, he floated on the the slow current of the Mississippi, idly gazing at the slave upon its banks, some angel had lifted the curtain, and shown him that in the prime of his manhood he should see this proud empire rocked to its foundation in the effort to break those chains, should himself marshal the hosts of the Almighty in the grandest and holiest war that Christendom ever knew, and deal, with half-reluctant hand, that thunderbolt of justice which would smite the foul system to the dust—then die, leaving a name immortal in the sturdy pride of our race and the undying gratitude of another—would any credulity, however sanguine, any enthusiasm, however vivid, have enabled him to believe it? Fortunate man! He has lived to do it! (Applause.) God has graciously withheld him from any fatal misstep in the great advance, and withdrawn him at the moment when his star touched its zenith, and the nation needed a sterner hand for the work God gives it to do.

"No matter now that, unable to lead and form the nation, he was contented to be only its representative and mouthpiece; no matter that, with prejudices hanging about him, he groped his way very slowly and sometimes reluctantly forward; let us remember how patient he was of contradiction, how little obstinate in opinion, how willing, like Lord Bacon, 'to light his torch at every man's candle.' With the least possible personal hatred, with too little sectional bitterness, often forgetting justice in mercy; tender-hearted to any misery his own eyes saw; and in any deed which needed political sanction, if his sympathies had limits, reflect he was human, and that he welcomed light more than most men, was more honest than his fellows, and with a truth to his own convictions such as few politicians achieve. With all his shortcomings, we point proudly to him as the natural growth of Democratic institutions (applause). Coming time will put him in that galaxy of Americans which makes our history the day star of the nations—Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson and Jay. History will add his name to the bright list, with a more loving claim on our gratitude than either of them. No one of those was called to die for his cause. For him, when the nation needed to be raised to its last dread duty, we were prepared for it by the baptism of his blood."

Proceeding to consider what punishment should be allotted to the leaders, civil and military, of the rebellion, Mr. Phillips said that, though the air is thick with threats of vengeance, and though the atrocities which these men have committed, ordered and sanctioned, most naturally inspire such a feeling, we should remember that no cause, however infamous, was ever crushed by punishing its advocates and instruments. The policy of vengeance is never successful. It is true in bad causes, as in good, that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. The chief rebels, he thought, would spare us by escape the decision whether or not to hang them. And indeed, after paroling the bloodiest and guiltiest of all, Robert Lee [the audience marked their assent to this classification by loud applause], there would be little fitness in hanging any lesser wretch.

A thousand men (the speaker went on to say) rule the rebellion. A thousand men *are* the rebellion. We cannot hang them all. We cannot hang men in regiments. If we imitate the barbarity of the South, we lose our right to supersede the Southern system. Our right course is to banish these rebel leaders, the whole thousand, every man of them, on pain of death if they ever come back (loud cheers). Confiscate every dollar and every acre they own (great cheering). Banish Lee with the rest (renewed applause). We cannot be decently asked to tolerate in our streets the wretch who upheld Libby Prison and Andersonville, and whose soul is black with the deaths of 64,000 prisoners by starvation and torture.

Asking next—What of our new President? Mr. Phillips went on to say—His whole life is a pledge that he understands and thoroughly hates that *Caste* which is the Gibraltar of secession. Andy Johnson is our natural leader for the destruction of Caste. His life is pledged to it. And he sees that Confiscation of the lands of rebels, and the transfer of that land to the laboring masses, is the means to destroy this enemy. Land and the ballot are the true foundations of all governments. In our case these should be intrusted to the men, black and white, who have upheld the flag. Reconstruct no State without giving the ballot to every loyal man in it. I believe in universal suffrage. The ballot insures the school.

Upon this point, of negro suffrage, the new President has not yet spoken out his mind quite plainly. It must be our part constantly and patiently, but emphatically, to call his attention to it. He has already told us that he believes in confiscation. Good so far. Confiscate, banish, strip the rebel leaders of all possibility of doing further harm, and divide their land among the masses. But see to it also that before you admit a single State to the Union you oblige it to give every loyal man in it the ballot. This is the lesson which the dagger of that wretch is made by God to write for the instruction of the American people.

The Chairman then introduced Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who, after speaking in terms of affectionate warmth of the character of Abraham Lincoln, and of the impression he has made upon the American people, proceeded to note the practical duties of the time. We want (he said) satisfactory guarantees against a repetition of rebellion, secession and civil war. These are 1st, Universal liberty; an utter destruction of the last roots of slavery; and an establishment of the equality of black and white before the law. 2d, That the whole tribe of leading rebels shall be left helpless and powerless in the future, and that no man who has held office of any sort in the rebellion shall have anything to do with the work of reconstruction. These things are what the people should now demand of the government.

Hon. George Thompson was the last speaker of the evening. He made the eulogy of Abraham Lincoln in terms of deep respect and admiration, gave a scathing delineation of the character of the leading rebels, and then described the trip of the government steamer (in which he and Mr. Garrison were guests) from New York to Charleston, to attend the raising of the flag on Fort Sumter.

Mr. Thompson found the party which went on this excursion eminently pleasant and genial. All its members, he said, seemed glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Garrison, and to hear his opinions upon the present situation and future prospects of the nation. The gratitude shown him by the colored people wherever they went in the South was inexpressibly touching. In one place a procession of freedmen a mile and a half long escorted Mr. Garrison and his party to a meeting appointed for them. NORTH.

THE RESIDENT EDITOR would request such of the readers of the STANDARD as keep files of the paper to correct the following misprints in the leader of the Corresponding Editor in the last number on the Assassination of the President. Second paragraph, fourth line, for "renewed" read "revered"; and in the 13th line from the end of the article, for "persons" read "prisoners."

## Chronicles of the War.

### Latest News in Brief.

SHERMAN'S GREAT BLUNDER.

An official dispatch from Secretary Stanton published on Sunday, revealed the history of remarkable events in North Carolina. It appears that on the 18th inst., Gens. Sherman and Johnston held a conference at Durham's Station, North Carolina, which resulted in a suspension of hostilities and a memorandum of a basis of peace. The points agreed upon were the following:

1. An armistice, not to be broken by either party without forty eight hours' notice.

2. Johnston's troops to return to their respective State Capitals, to deposit their arms in the respective State arsenals, and each man to sign an agreement to cease fighting and abide by the action of the State and Federal authorities; the arms to remain subject to future action of the United States Congress.

3. Recognition of the State governments on taking the oath; the United States Supreme Court to decide questions of conflicting jurisdiction.

4. Re-establishment of the Federal Courts in the rebel States.

5. The rebels to be guaranteed political franchise and the rights of person and property.

6. Our government to disturb no rebels so long as they remain quiet at home.

7. A general amnesty.

A courier from Gen. Sherman, bearing this agreement, arrived in Washington on Friday night, and a Cabinet council was immediately held, at which President Johnson *disapproved the action of Gen. Sherman* being sustained in this decision by every member of the Cabinet and Gen. Grant, who was present. Secretary Stanton, in announcing these events to the public, says:

"General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities immediately, and was directed that the instruction given by the late President in the following telegram, which was penned by Mr. Lincoln himself, at the capitol, on the night of the 31 of March, were approved by President Andrew Johnson, and were reiterated to govern the action of military commanders.

"On the night of the 31 of March, while President Lincoln and his Cabinet were at the capitol, a telegram from General Grant was brought to the Secretary of War, informing him that General Lee had requested an interview or conference to make an arrangement for terms of peace.

The letter of Gen. Lee was published in a letter of Davis to the rebel Congress.

"Gen. Grant's telegram was submitted to Mr. Lincoln, who, after pondering a few minutes, took up his pen and wrote with his own hand the following reply, which he submitted to the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War, and telegraphed to Gen. Grant:

"'WASHINGTON, March 3, 1865.—12 P.M.

"'*Lieutenant-General* GRANT: The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with Gen. Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Gen. Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime you are to press to your utmost your military advantages.

"'EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.'"

The act of President Johnson in setting aside Sherman's agreement is justified by the accompanying explanations, which are to the effect that the agreement was an exercise of authority not vested in the General; that it was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel government; that it would enable the South to reëstablish slavery, and that it gave terms which had been repeatedly refused by our government.

The immediate result of Sherman's concession was the release of Howell Cobb and Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, who were taken at Macon, but claimed the benefit of the armistice and were released by Sherman's order.

Secretary Stanton states that the orders of Gen. Sherman to Gen. Stoneman to withdraw from Salisbury and join him will probably open the way for Davis to escape to Mexico or Europe with his plunder, which is reported to be very large, including not only the plunder of the Richmond banks, but previous accumulations. It is reported that Davis has already crossed the Mississippi river.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, or inclose stamps for circular.

## Special Notices.

CIRCULAR.—Arrangements having been perfected for bringing some of the freed people to this city, persons in want of help are notified to make application to our agent, JANE BOUSTEAD, 1605 North St. (below Coates above Sixteenth St).

This agency is established by the Pennsylvania Abolition Society with the aid and cooperation of the Pennsylvania and both Friends Freedmen's Associations of this city.

To prevent disappointment we would state that many of these people have little or no acquaintance with housework, and are apt to be slow, though mostly of good dispositions and willing to learn.

A number of them are women with children, whom it is desirable to locate near each other. Farmers or others able to accomodate such are desired to forward their applications. Few if any men can be had.

If the servants prove unsatisfactory, the Committee decline having them returned to the agency, but when notified thereof will co-operate in finding other suitable places for them. Any change of residence should also be notified to our agent.

To aid in the payment of expenses a charge of one dollar each will be made to parties taking them.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., MARCELLUS BALDERSTON,
H. RYLAND WARRINER, LUKENS WEBSTER,
*Committee on Employment, Penn. Abolition Society.*
Philadelphia, 3d mo., 1865.

JANE BOUSTEAD, Agent,
1605 North st. (below Coates above Sixteenth), to whom all communications should be addressed.
Office hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

AARON M. POWELL will deliver a lecture in behalf of the African Civilization Society, in the Society's new building, Dean street, near Troy avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, May 2, at 8 o'clock.

Subject: "*The Nation and the Freedman.*"

WHEELER AND WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—Woman's Greatest Boon.—We would advise a man to forego a thresher and thresh wheat with a flail rather than to see the wife wear her health, vigor and life away in the everlasting "stitch, stitch, stitch," when a sewing machine can be obtained. The Wheeler and Wilson is an invaluable aid in every household. We have had several different kinds on trial, and after six years' service the Wheeler and Wilson has taken the precedence as the best, where all kinds of sewing are to be done in a family.—*American Agriculturist, January*, 1865. 40—tf

## Advertisements.

PUTNAM'S CLOTHES WRINGER

IT IS THE ONLY RELIABLE
SELF-ADJUSTING WRINGER.

No Wood work to swell or split. No Thumb-screws to get out of order. Warranted with or without Cog-wheels.

It took the First Premium at Fifty seven State and County Fairs in 1863, and nearly double that number in 1864, and is, without an exception, the *best* Wringer ever made. Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town, and in all parts of the world. Energetic agents can make from $5 to $10 per day.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, VIZ.:

That iron well galvanized *will not rust*.
That a *single* machine is better than a complicated one.
That a Wringer should be *self-adjusting, durable and efficient*.
That thumb screws and fastenings cause *delay* and *trouble* to regulate and keep in order.
That wood soaked in water will *swell, shrink, and split*.
That wood-bearings for the shaft to run in *will wear out*.
That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will *not tear the clothes*.
That cog wheel regulators are not essential.
That the Putnam Wringer has *all* the advantages, and *not one* of the disadvantages above named.
That all who have tried it pronounce it the *best* Wringer ever made.
That it will ring a thread or a bed-quilt *without alteration*.

We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical, if such there be; and we say to all, *test* Putnam's Wringer. Test it *thoroughly* with *any* and *all* others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it.

PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.—Gentlemen: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxydise or eat one particle. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.
Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER, Cleveland, O.

Many years experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above statement in *all particulars*.
JOHN C. LAFFARS, No. 100 Beekman Street.

NEW YORK, January, 1864.—We have tested Putnam's Clothes Wringer by practical working, and know that it will do. It is cheap; it is simple; it requires no room, whether at work or at rest; a child can operate it; it does its duty thoroughly; it saves time, and it saves wear and tear. We earnestly advise all who have much washing to do, with all intelligent persons who have *any*, to buy this Wringer. It will pay for itself in a year at most.
HORACE GREELEY.

PRICES, $3, $9, and $10.
A sample Wringers sent, express paid, on receipt of price.
Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by
PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
13 Platt Street, New York.
Bennington, Vt.
Cleveland, O.

KISSINGEN, VICHY, AND ALL OTHER MEDICINAL MEDICAL WATERS.
HANBURY SMITH, M.D.,
808 Broadway, New York.

GROVESTEEN & CO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,
499 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The attention of the public and the trade is invited to our New Scale Seven Octave Rosewood Piano-Fortes, which for volume and purity of tone are unrivalled by any hitherto offered in this market. They contain all the modern improvements, French, grand action, harp pedal, iron frame, over-strung bass, etc., and each instrument being made under the personal supervision of Mr. J. H. Grovesteen, who has had a practical experience of over thirty years in their manufacture, is fully warrantee in every particular.

THE "GROVESTEEN PIANO-FORTE"

received the highest award of merit over all others at the celebrated World's Fair! where were exhibited instruments from the best makers of London, Paris, Germany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and New York; and also at the American Institute for five successive years, the gold and silver medals from both of which can be seen at our warerooms.

By the introduction of improvements we make a still more perfect Piano-Forte, and by manufacturing largely, with a strict cash system, are enabled to offer these instruments at a price which will preclude all competition.

PRICES.

No. 1, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood Plain Case, $275.

No. 2, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood heavy moulding, $300.

No. 3, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood Louis XIV. style, $325.

TERMS—Net Cash, in Current Funds.

Descriptive Circulars sent free.

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMP
Anti-Freezing, Double-Acting, Forcing and Lifting.

These Pumps have now been in general use a number of years, and give better satisfaction than any other, and are recommended as THE BEST! by Captain Ericsson, and other eminent engineers. We can refer to thousands using them, and guarantee that all will recommend them. They are more simple in construction, and work easier, and cost less than all others.

"Our readers will find the double-acting, improved Pump of J. D. West & Co., one of the best in the market. It is very simple, works to a charm, so that any child may use it; throws a steady, continuous stream, and does not freeze in the coldest exposures, and is unusually cheap. We say this knowingly, and give the testimony of our own accord, without the knowledge or request of the proprietors."—*N. Y. Evening Post, July 1, 1863.*

"J. D. WEST & Co. We are pleased to state that the Pumps we had of you, about a year ago, have been in constant use, 14 hours each day, and raise for the use of our woolen factory about 130 gallons per minute. They work with but little power, compared with pumps we have used before, and do not get out of repair, and are satisfactory in all respects. DUNLAP MANUFACTURING CO."

Solon Robinson to the Farmers' Club, Jan. 23:

"No farmer who owns a well or a cistern can possibly afford to be without an iron pump. It should be at once a suction and force pump—a perfect little fire engine—such a one known as 'West's Improved Pump.' I speak of this Pump, because I happen to know it . . . to be very simple, durable, powerful, and cheap, and it don't freeze up, nor get out of order once a year . . . . I know this, and think I may be doing the farmers good by speaking of it . . . . A boy 10 years old can work it, and throw a continuous inch-and-a-quarter stream. . . . It can be made to work in deep wells as well as in shallow ones."

"GREAT NECK, L. I., 1860.

"I have used this Pump for one Summer and Winter, exposed to the northwest wind coming over Long Island Sound, being the coldest possible exposure, and at no time did it freeze, nor were we unable at any time to pump water with great ease.
"H. B. MCILVAIN.'

"The undersigned, having to use 'West's Improved Pumps,' cheerfully recommend them as simple, durable, and powerful in raising and throwing water, and for their ease of action, security against frost, and low price, we believe them superior to all others.
"WARREN LELAND, Met. Hotel, N. Y.
"J. W. FOSDICK, Yonkers, N. Y.
"JOHN MERSEREAU, N. Y.
"DOMINICK LAWRENCE, Westchester."

*From the New York Observer.*

"We have had in use for months past one of West's Pumps, which has given us more satisfaction, as a force and lifting pump, than any we have ever used. It is one of great power, and well adapted for ship's decks, mines, factories, greenhouses, graperies, &c. The *Mining Chronicle and Railway Journal* says, 'It is recommended for its extreme simplicity of construction, great strength, and consequent durability and cheapness of repair. There is no stuffing box—the pressure being held by a cup packing, like that upon the working-piston, working in a cylinder, fitted for the purpose within the upper air chamber—which we think a great improvement, as stuffing is so liable to be deranged and leak under strong pressure, to say nothing of the loss by friction incident thereto. It has also two air-chambers; thus the action of the valves is cushioned upon both sides by air—preventing water-hammer and vacuum-thump. The valves are very accessible, and simply and cheaply repaired. They work much easier than any pump we have ever seen; the 4 inch cylinder being worked by children in wells 100 feet deep, and as they are extremely cheap, as well as simple and strong, we freely recommend them.'"

CAMBRIDGE MINE, N. C., June 15, 1863.

"J. D. WEST & Co.—Gents. The pump which I ordered for our mine is received, and put to work in our underlay shaft, which we are sinking. We find that one man will, with ease, lift 60 gallons per minute. We lifted in three and a half hours all the water in the shaft, which measure seven by twelve feet and thirty feet deep, and it was full when we commenced. It answers our expectations in every respect, and our workmen are highly pleased with it. It will do great service with but trifling expense for repairs.
"Yours, respectfully, BUAR HIGGINS."

"This may certify that I have been using, at my manufactory, for the last four years, 'West's Improved Pumps.' I now have in use three of said pumps, one of which is kept constantly at work, 24 hours of each day (save Sundays), and has been running for the past two years. I pronounce them, unhesitatingly, the best pumps that have been brought to my notice, having used many others previously. They are simple in their construction, and not easily disarranged. JAS A. WEBB.
"N. Y., October 10, 1859."

We have plenty more such certificates, but think these

# Miscellaneous Department.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY F. B. SANBORN.

THOUGH forts are stormed and cities won,
And banded Treason melts away,
As sullen mists that hate the sun
Flee at the bright assault of Day,—
Our heavy hearts will not be gay.

For thee we weep, in victory's hour,
Whose courage no defeat could shake,
Who held'st the State's resistless power
In trust but for thy people's sake,—
For thee thy people mourning make.

No haughty palace claims thy birth,
No purple princes' ancient line;
The woodman's hut, the humble worth
Of lowliest ancestry was thine,—
Thy rank not kingly, but divine.

For He that sways the world with love,
Though War and Wrath his angels are,
Throned thee all earthly Kings above,
On threatened Freedom's flaming car,—
To frighten tyrants near and far.

His purpose high thy course impelled
O'er war's red height and smouldering plain;
When awe or pity thee withheld,
He gave thy chafing steeds the rein,—
Till at thy feet lies Slavery slain.

Then ceased thy task—another hand
Takes up the burden thou lay'st down;
Sorrowing and glad the rescued land
Twofold awards thy just renown,—
The Conqueror's and the Martyr's crown.

—*Commonwealth.*

## TRIBUTES TO THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

[Extract from a Sermon by Rev. H. W. BELLOWS.]

OUR beloved President, who had enshrined himself not merely in the confidence, the respect and the gratitude of the people, but in their very hearts, as their true friend, adviser, representative and brother; whom the nation loved as much as it revered; who had soothed our angry impatience in this fearful struggle with his gentle moderation and passionless calm; who had been the head of the nation, and not the chief of a successful party; and had treated our enemies like rebellious children, and not as foreign foes, providing even in their chastisement for mercy and penitent restoration; our prudent, firm, humble, reverential, God-fearing President is dead!

The assassin's hand has reached him who was belted round with a nation's devotion, and whom a million soldiers have hitherto encircled with their watchful guardianship. Panoplied in honesty and simplicity of purpose, too universally well-disposed to believe in danger to himself, free from ambition, self-consequence and show, he has always shown a fearless heart, gone often to the front, made himself accessible to all at home, trusted the people, joined their amusements, answered their summons, and laid himself open every day to the malice and murderous chances of domestic foes. It seemed as if no man could raise his hand against that meek ruler, or confront with purpose of injury that loving eye, that sorrow-stricken face, ploughed with care, and watchings and tears! So marked with upright, patient purposes of good to all, of justice and mercy, of sagacious, roundabout wisdom, was his homely, paternal countenance, that I do not wonder that his murderer killed him from behind, and could not face the look that would have disarmed him in the very moment of his criminal madness.

But he has gone! Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States during the most difficult, trying and important period of the nation's history; safe conductor of our policy through a crisis such as no other people ever had to pass; successful summoner of a million and a quarter of American citizens to arms in behalf of their flag and their Union; author of the Proclamation of Emancipation; the people's President; the heir of Washington's place at the hearths and altars of the land; the legitimate idol of the negro race; the perfect type of American democracy; the astute adviser of our generals in the field; the careful student of their strategy and their personal friend and inspirer; the head of his Cabinet, prevailing by the passionless simplicity of his integrity and unselfish patriotism over the larger experience, the more brilliant gifts, the more vigorous purposes of his constitutional advisers; a President indeed; not the mere figure-head of the State, but its helmsman and pilot; shrinking from no perplexity, magnanimous in self-accusation and in readiness to gather into his own bosom the spears of rebuke aimed at his counsellors and agents; the tireless servant of his place—no duty so small and wearisome that he shirked it, none so great and persistent that he sought to fling it upon others; the man who, fully tried (not without fitful vacillations of public sentiment which visited on him the difficulties of the times and the situation), tried through four years in which every quality of the man, the statesman, the Christian, was tested; in the face of a jeering enemy and foreign sneers and domestic ribaldry, elected again by overwhelming majorities to be their chief and their representative during another term of office, in which it was supposed even superior qualities and services would be required to meet the nation's exigencies. This tried, this honored, this beloved head of the government and the country is, alas! suddenly snatched from us at the moment of our greatest need and our greatest joy, and taken up higher to his heavenly reward! Thank God, he knew how the nation loved and reverenced him! His reelection was the most solid proof of that which could possibly have been given. He had tasted, too, the negro's pious gratitude and tearful, glorious affection! He had lived to give the order for ceasing our preparations for war—an act almost equivalent to proclaiming peace! He had seen of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. He had done the work of a life in his first term of service; almost every day of his second term, not forty days old, had been marked with victories, until no good news could have been received that would have much swelled his joy and honest pride! And now, as the typical figure, the historic name of this great era, its glory rounded and full, the Almighty Wisdom has seen fit to close the record, and isolate the special work he has done, lest by any possible mischance the flawless beauty and symmetric oneness of the President's career should be impaired, its unique glory compromised by after issues, or its special lustre mixed with rays of another color, though it might be of an equal splendor!

The Past, at least, is secure! Nothing can touch him further. Standing the central form in the field of this mighty, providential struggle, he fitly represents the purity, calmness, justice and mercy of the loyal American people; their unconquered resolution to conquer secession and break slavery in pieces; their sober, solid sense; their religious confidence that God is on their side, and their cause the cause of universal humanity! Let us be reconciled to the appointment which has released the weighty and patient head, that pathetic, tender heart, that worn and weary hand from the perplexing details of national rehabilitation. Let the lesser, meaner cares and anxieties of the country fall on other shoulders than those which have borne up the pillars of the nation when shaken with an earthquake.

He that has cheered so many on to bloody sacrifice, found unexpected, surprising opportunity to give also his own blood! He died, as truly as any warrior dies on the battle-field, in the nation's service, and shed his blood for her sake! It was the nation that was aimed at by the bullet that stilled his aching brain. As the representative of a cause, the type of a victory, he was singled out and slain! His life and career now have the martyr's palm added to the statesman's, philanthropist's and patriot's crowns. His place is sure in the innermost shrine of his country's gratitude. His name will match with Washington's, and go with it laden with blessings down to the remotest posterity!

And may we not have needed this loss, in which we gain a national martyr and an ascended leader, to inspire us from his heavenly seat, where with the other father of his country he sits in glory, while they send united benedictions and lessons of comfort and of guidance down upon their common children—may we not have needed this loss to sober our hearts in the midst of our national triumph, lest in the excess of our joy and our pride we should overstep the bounds of that prudence and the limits of that earnest seriousness which our affairs demand? We have stern and solemn duties yet to perform, great and anxious tasks to achieve. We must not, after ploughing the fields with the burning share of civil war, and fertilizing them with the blood and bones of a half million noble youth, lose the great harvest by wasting the short season of ingathering in festive joy at its promise and its fulness! We have, perhaps, been prematurely glad. In the joy of seeing our haven in view we have been disposed to slacken the cordage and let the sails flap idly, and the hands go below, when the storm was not fairly over nor all the breakers out of sight! God has startled us, to apprise us of our peril; to warn us of possible mischances, and to caution us how we abuse our confidence and overtrust our enemy. I hope and pray that the nation may feel itself, by the dreadful calamity that has befallen it, summoned to its knees; called to a still more pious sense of its dependence, toned up to its duties, and compelled to watch with the most eager patience the course of its generals, its statesmen and its press. It cannot be for nothing vast and important, that the venerated and beloved head of this people and his chief counsellor and companion have thus been brought so low in an hour, one to his very grave, the other to the gates of death!

[Extract from a Speech before the Anthenæum Club, by PARKE GODWIN.]

THE great captain of our cause—the commander-in-chief of our armies and navies—the president of our civic councils—the centre and director of movement—this true son of the people—once the poor flatboatman—the village lawyer that was—the raw, uncouth, yet unsophisticated child of our American society and institutions, whom that society and those institutions had lifted out of his low estate to the foremost dignity of the world—Abraham Lincoln—smitten by the basest hand ever upraised against human innocence, is gone, gone, gone! He who had borne the heaviest of the brunt, in our four long years of war, whose pulse beat livelier, whose eyes danced brighter than any others, when

——"the storm drew off
In scattered thunders groaning round the hills,"

in the supreme hour of his joy and glory was struck down. That genial, kindly heart has ceased to beat; that noble brain has oozed from its mysterious beds; that manly form lies stiff in the icy fetters, and all of him that was mortal has sunk "to the portion of weeds and outworn faces" [sensation].

Our feelings are now too deep to ask or warrant any attempt at an analysis of the character or of the services of the man whose loss we deplore. Standing over his bier, looking down almost into the tomb to which he must shortly be consigned, we are conscious only of our grief. We know that one who was great in himself, as well as by position, has suddenly departed. There is something startling, ghastly, awful in the manner of his going off. But the chief poignancy of our distress is not for the greatness fallen, but for the goodness lost. Presidents have died before; during this bloody war we have lost many eminent generals—Lyon, Baker, Kearney, Sedgwick, Reno, and others; we have lost lately our finest scholar, publicist, orator,

——"that when he spoke,
The air, a chartered libertine, was still,
'To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.'"

Our hearts still bleed for the companions, friends, brothers that sleep the sleep "that knows no waking," but no loss has been comparable to his, who was our supremest leader—our safest counsellor—our wisest friend—our dear father. Would you know what Lincoln was, look at this vast metropolis, covered with the habiliments of woe! Never in human history has there been so universal, so spontaneous, so profound an expression of a nation's bereavement. In all our churches, without distinction of sect; in all our journals, without distinction of party; in all our workshops, in all our counting houses—from the stateliest mansion to the lowliest hovel—you hear but the one utterance, you see but the one emblem of sorrow. Why has the death of Abraham Lincoln taken such deep hold of every class? Partly, no doubt, because of the awful and atrocious method of his taking off; largely because he was our Chief Magistrate; but mainly, I think, because through all his public functions there shone the fact that he was a wise and good man; a kindly, honest, noble man; a man in whom the people recognised their own better qualities; whom they, whatever their political convictions, trusted; whom they respected; whom they loved; a man as pure of heart, as patriotic of impulse, as patient, gentle, sweet and lovely of nature, as ever history lifted out of the sphere of the domestic affections to enshrine forever in the affections of the world [loud and continuous applause].

Yet, we sorrow not as those who are without hope. Our chief is gone; but our cause remains; dearer to our hearts, because he is now become its martyr; consecrated by his sacrifice; more widely accepted by all parties; and fragrant and lovely forevermore in the memories of all the good and the great, of all lands, and for all time. The rebellion, which began in the blackest treachery, to be ended in the foulest assassination; for as Shakspeare says,

"Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose";

this rebellion, accursed in its motive, which was to rivet the shackles of slavery on a whole race for all the future; accursed in its means, which have been "red ruin and the breaking up of laws," the overthrow of the mildest and blessedest of governments, and the profuse shedding of brother's blood by brother's hands; accursed in the accompaniments of violence, cruelty and barbarism, is now doubly accursed in its final act of cold-blooded murder [applause].

Cold-blooded, but impotent, and defeated in its own purposes! The frenzied hand which slew the head of the government, in the mad hope of paralyzing its functions, only drew the hearts of the people together more closely to strengthen and sustain its power. All the North once more, without party or division, clenches hands around the common altar; all the North swears a more earnest fidelity to freedom; all the North again presents its breasts, as the living shield and bulwark of the nation's unity and life. Oh! foolish and wicked dream, oh! insanity of fanaticism, oh! blindness of black hate—to think that this majestic temple of human liberty, which is built upon the clustered columns of free and independent States, and whose base is as broad as the continent, could be shaken to pieces, by striking off the ornaments of its capital! No! this nation lives, not in one man nor in a hundred men, however eminent, however able, however endeared to us; but in the affections, the virtues, the energies and the will of the whole American people. It has perpetual succession, not like a dynasty, in the line of its rulers, but in the line of its masses. They are always alive; they are always present, to empower its acts, and to impart an unceasing vitality to its institutions. No maniac's blade, no traitor's bullet shall ever penetrate that heart, for it is immortal, like the substance of Milton's angels, and can only "by anihilating die" [applause].

These sudden visitations of Providence, these mysterious and fearful vicissitudes in the destinies of nations and individuals, always seem to our short-sighted human wisdom as inscrutable. Nor would it be less than presumption in any one to attempt to interpret the meaning of the Divine Mind in this late and most appalling affliction. God, as he passes, the Scriptures tell us, can only be seen from behind, can only be seen when events have gone by. Until then we grope in the darkness, we guess at best but dimly, we more often muse in mere mute wonder and awe. Yet it is always permitted us to extract such good as we may from his seeming frowns and judgments. Thus I discern, in the removal of Mr. Lincoln—lamentable and horrible as it was in its circumstances—some reasons for a calm and hopeful submission to the Divine Will. I can see how our nation is cemented by its tears into a more universal and affectionate brotherhood; I can see how the Proclamation of Freedom must become the eternal law of our hearts, if not of the land, through the martyrdom and canonization of its author; I can see how the atrocious crime of assassination must tear away from the rebellion every friend that it had left in the civilized world abroad; and I can see how the succession of Mr. Johnson—a Southern man, known to the Southern people by the fact of his origin and principles, not amenable to the prejudices knotted and gnarled about Mr. Lincoln—shall undermine the supremacy of the Southern leaders and reconcile the deluded masses more rapidly than any acts of amnesty or promises of forgiveness [cheers].

But what impresses me most forcibly in all this business is the new demonstration that it has given of the inherent strength and elasticity of democratic government. We have conducted the most stupendous war ever undertaken—a war that involved the blockade of six thousand miles of sea-coast—the defence of two thousand miles of frontier—the clearing and holding of the second largest river of the globe, and the occupation of a territory greater than all Europe, (without Russia) not only energetically, but successfully. We have done it, without abandoning, or vitiating, or dislocating, any of our fundamental institutions. For, in the midst of this gigantic convulsion, we carried on a political canvass and a Presidential election as quietly as they choose a beadle or a churchwarden elsewhere; and now we have our principal men of office killed or disabled, and the government goes on without a jar, and society moves in its appointed ways without a ripple of outbreak or disorder. Oh yes, Americans, our goodly Ship of State, which the tempests assail with their wild fury, which the angry surges lift in their arms that they may drop her into the yawning gulf, which the treacherous hidden rocks below grind and torture, yet sails on securely to her destined port; and when the very Prince of the Power of the Air smites her captain at the helm and the first mate in his berth, she still sails on to her destined port; for her crew is still there; they know her bearings, and will steer right on by the compass of Eternal Justice, and under the celestial light of Liberty."

THE NEW PRESIDENT.—Andrew Johnson, lately Vice-President of the United States—who now by the provision of the Constitution becomes President—was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. At the age of four he lost his father; at 10 he was apprenticed to a tailor, whom he served seven years. While learning his trade he also learned to read, and is emphatically, as was his lamented predecessor, a self-taught man, and of plebeian origin. In 1824 he went to Laurens Court House, S. C., where he worked for nearly two years. In May, 1826, he returned to Raleigh, where he remained till September, when he removed to Greenville, Tenn. The first office he ever held was that of Alderman of the village. He was re-elected twice, and in 1830 was chosen Mayor. In 1835 he was elected to the Legislature, in 1837 was defeated, and in 1839 was reelected. In 1840 he served as Presidential elector and canvassed the State for the Democratic ticket. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1843 was sent to Congress, where he served until 1853. In that year he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and again in 1855. He was in 1857 chosen United States Senator for the full term ending March 4, 1863. When Nashville was captured by our forces in the Spring of 1862, he was made Military Governor of the State by the President. November 8, 1864, he was elected Vice-President, and succeeded to the Presidency, by the death of President Lincoln, April 15, 1865.

## RAISING THE FLAG AT SUMTER.

WITH holy hands and thoughts profound,
Lift the banner from the ground;
With sanctifying breath of prayer,
Speed it through the ransomed air;
With hearts tumultuous with love,
Greet it, as it floats above;
Redeemed, regenerate, set free,
Salute it, O ye land and sea!

Four bitter years of dark mistrust
Trailed that banner in the dust;
Four cruel years of sin and shame
Falsified the nation's name;
Four wasting years of blood and strife,
Freedom struggled for its life;
But to-day the flag floats free!
Salute it, all the land and sea.

Round the fort where first it hung,
Treason first its echoes rung;
Where first the sacred sign unfurled,
First the bolts of hate were hurled;
Where first arose the smoke and shell,
First to earth, disgraced, it fell;
There restored and there set free,
Salute it, land; salute it, sea!

Never again its folds shall wave
O'er a traitor or a slave;
Never again shall man efface
Star of hope or line of grace;
Never again shall kings maintain
God's republic is in vain:
Henceforth that banner leads the free:
Salute it, every land and sea.

T.

Hastings-on-Hudson, April, 1865. —*Evening Post.*

## A POEM RECITED BY MR. LINCOLN.

*To the Editor of the Evening Post.*

I HAVE been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these; I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakspeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library, to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said:

"There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would," he continued, "give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain."

Then half closing his eyes he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would some time try to give them to me. A few days afterward he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that *then* would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting upon some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips.

With great regard, very truly yours,

F. B. CARPENTER.

### OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all are away to their dwellings of Rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun—
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

In addition to what is stated in my note published in your issue of Tuesday, of the circumstances attending Mr. Lincoln's recital to me of the poem entitled, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" I should have mentioned the following incident, but writing hastily at the table of a friend I could not recall the exact lines I wished to quote. After we had discussed for a brief time the merit of the poem referred to above, Mr. Lincoln said: "There are some quaint, queer verses, written, I think, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, called 'The Last Leaf,' one of which is to me inexpressibly touching." He then repeated, also from memory, the poem. The verse he referred to occurs in about the middle of the poem, and is this:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips which he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

As he finished this verse, he said in his emphatic way: "For pure pathos, in my judgment, there is nothing finer than those six lines in the English language."

The *World*, in an able article upon Mr. Lincoln on Monday, says: "He lacked taste and sensibility," though the writer does not consider this an imperfection in his character. I think the instances I have given you indicate that he was not wanting in either of these attributes, though in the trying and momentous period of his administrative life their expression may have been confined to the privileged few, admitted to the inner circle of fellowship with him.

While I am writing I am reminded of a conversation that took place between us about this time, which may be of interest to your readers, in view of the terrible calamity which has overtaken the nation.

A late number of the *Tribune* (this was the last of March, 1864) contained a full account of an elaborate conspiracy, matured in Richmond, either to assassinate or abduct the person of the President. Five hundred or a thousand men were said to be sworn to accomplish the deed. Several days subsequent to its publication, I asked Mr. Lincoln if he had seen the statement. He said he had not, nor even heard of it.

I then, at his request, gave him the details. We were walking together at the time, and I remember distinctly the conversation. After I had concluded he smiled incredulously, and said: "Well, even if true, I do not see what the rebels would gain by either killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual, and it would not help their cause or make the least difference in the progress of the war. Everything would go right on just the same. Soon after I was nominated at Chicago," he continued, "I began to receive letters threatening my life. The first one or two made me a little uncomfortable, but I came at length to look for a regular instalment of this kind of correspondence in every week's mail, and up to inauguration day I was in the constant receipt of such letters, and it is no uncommon thing even to receive them now—but they have ceased to give me any apprehension." I expressed some surprise at this, but he replied in his peculiar way: "There is nothing like getting *used* to things!" Alas, that the nation should to-day be sitting under the shadow of the great crime—the consummation of those very threats—which he had come to regard so lightly.

Very truly yours, F. B. CARPENTER.

96 West Forty-fifth street, New York, Wednesday, April 19, 1865.

### THE POEM RECITED BY MR. LINCOLN.

The poem which was such a favorite with the late President, beginning with the line:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

was written by William Knox, a poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, at the age of thirty-six. His earlier years were tainted with dissipation, but at intervals the religious impressions he received from his parents in childhood would be evidenced by the verses he would write on sacred subjects.

In the copy of this poem now going the rounds of the press, two stanzas are omitted—the fourth and the seventh—they are as follows:

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

The entire poem may be found in "Scotia's Bards," a handsomely illustrated volume of selections from the Scottish poets, published in 1853 by Robert Carter & Brothers, of this city.—*Eve. Post.*

## PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND THE COLORED PEOPLE.

[J. M. Langston, a colored man, of Oberlin, Ohio, at a meeting held by the colored citizens of Washington, on Tuesday night, stated he had had, in the morning, an interview with the President of the United States, in which he verbally laid before him the following:]

PRESIDENT JOHNSON: As President of the National Equal Rights League, an association whose membership may be numbered by thousands—an association having its branches in well nigh all the loyal States of the Union—an association representing in a truly national sense the patriotism and loyalty of the colored American—I have the honor to present to you, in your new position as President of the United States, our congratulations and sympathies; and pledge to you, in your endeavors to support and perpetuate the Union, the Constitution, and the laws of our country, "our lives, our property, and our sacred honor."

The colored American asks but two things. He asks, after proving his devotion to his country by responding to her call in the hour of her sorest trial, and after demonstrating, upon many hotly-contested battle-fields, his manhood and valor, that he have, first, complete emancipation, and secondly, full equality before American law. Your past history, as connected with the rebellion, gives us full assurance that in your hands our cause shall receive no detriment, and that our liberty and rights will be fully protected and sustained. We are not ignorant of the many noble utterances of freedom which you have made to the colored people of your own State, Tennessee, nor are we ignorant of the high estimate in which they hold you as their friend and benefactor.

We cannot forbear to express to you, sir, our grief and sorrow in view of the sad calamity—the foul assassination of Abraham Lincoln, your predecessor—which this day makes us indeed a nation of mourners.

In reply, the President said:

SIR: I thank you for this interview. I receive the kindness and honor which you now express to me in the same spirit I would if you were of another class.

I need not state to you my past history. It is well understood by you. In it you will find the guaranty of my future conduct toward your people. Where the colored people know me best they have confidence in me. No man can charge me with having proved false to the promises I have made to any class of the people in my public life. I fear that leading colored men do not understand and appreciate the fact that they have friends on the South side of the line. They have, and they are as faithful friends and staunch as any North of the line. It may be a very easy thing, indeed popular, to be an Emancipationist North of the line, but a very different thing to be such South of it. South of it, it costs a man effort, property, and perhaps life. You may express these sentiments, together with my thanks, to the people whom you represent.

### DEATH OF SAMUEL AARON.

From the Bucks Co. (Pa.) Intelligencer.

A LARGE number of our readers will receive with sorrow the painful intelligence of the death of the Rev. Samuel Aaron, which took place at his residence, in Mount Holley, New Jersey, on Tuesday evening, April 11th, after a temporary illness. Not only his immediate friends and acquaintances in this county, but the friends of humanity and progress everywhere, will be pained at the sad event. He had been ill for about two weeks, yet his sickness was not considered by his family and physician as dangerous, until a short time before his death. He was about 65 years of age. Mr. Aaron was born in New Britain, and spent his early life in the vicinity of this place. He was early thrown upon his own resources, and the trials and struggles of his youth were frequently referred to by him in after life. He was what might be termed a self-made man. He gave early manifestations of superior talent. In mathematics and the ancient languages he particularly excelled. He became widely known as an advocate of temperance and other reform movements. In furtherance of the cause of temperance he sacrificed considerable means and a good portion of the best years of his life. The down-trodden and oppressed also found in him a willing and fearless advocate. No fear of pecuniary sacrifice or of public opinion could deter him from his course if he felt he was right. Opposition only nerved him to greater efforts in defense of his cause. He was an earnest friend of every movement having for its object the good of mankind. While he was ready to denounce evil in every form, he had a heart to weep over the frailties of poor human nature. His earnest defence of truth, and opposition to fashionable vices, necessarily made him enemies, yet no man could doubt his honesty or sincerity. He was a man of most uncompromising integrity. He was conscientious almost to a fault. As a speaker he had few superiors. He was one of the most finished elocutionists of his time. He was logical, argumentative, and eloquent. Few men possessed his capacity for addressing a large audience in the open air; his splendid voice, rich, flowing, and strong, enabling him to reach his most distant hearers with the greatest apparent ease. He excelled in polemic discussion. Always having truth on his side, he was a powerful antagonist, whom few cared to encounter. He was a most efficient teacher. During a period of forty years devoted to the profession, he has given instruction to as large a number of young men as any man of his time. Men in every avocation in various parts of the country are numbered among his pupils. He was a Christian in the full sense of the term. He knew no sect. His large, magnanimous heart embraced the whole human family. He felt and acted as though all mankind were his brethren. He fraternised with the good without regard to name or sect, and was always ready to coöperate with those disposed to do right, wherever they were found. For the lowly and despised his sympathies were always warm. In his death the cause of truth and humanity have lost one of their ablest defenders.

THE DARKEST HOURS IN WASHINGTON since the fact was known that the President had been assassinated were those immediately following the deed. Friday night was indeed a horrible night in Washington. Nobody knew the extent of the conspiracy, nobody knew what would follow the deed, and the shock was so profound that everybody was unnerved and terror-stricken. All that long, dark night there were hundreds of people in Washington who slept not a wink, but spent the night in tears. Of course a large proportion of the people knew nothing of the dreadful deed till morning, but thousands did know of it and walked the streets, or shrunk away in affright to their homes.

The fact is that Washington has been on the verge of a riot ever since Friday night. A word from any one occupying a high position would have consigned half the buildings belonging to the secessionists to flames. If the people generally knew at this moment all the facts in the hands of the authorities, there are several buildings that would be destroyed. Thank Heaven, order has been preserved. A prominent and experienced detective, who has spent some time at Ford's theatre examining the box and all the incidents connected with the assassination, says that it is impossible that all the employees of the theatre should be innocent. Some of them must have been aware of Booth's intentions. I suppose that the government is of this opinion, for it has arrested Ford (the treasurer of the theatre) and some other persons connected with it.

I have no doubt that nearly all the Washington secessionists look upon the act committed by Booth with horror, but there are some who approve it, and secretly rejoice over it. There are some who would conceal Booth, if they could with safety to their own necks. There is a young lady here, belonging to a high Southern family, who made the subjoined remark: "I would like to see the streets of Washington ankle-deep with Yankee blood, and to accomplish it I would give the lives of my father and two brothers—all I can give!" What is such a woman made of? Hell itself can contain nothing worse. Yet this fiend is supposed to be a woman, and a lady! There are more like her here—she-devils I call them—Southern ladies they call themselves. It is time that such people felt the terrors of the law. Mr. Lincoln had one fault—he was too lenient with traitors. They could coax almost anything out of him. Men like Booth were as safe here as in Richmond; yet it was everywhere known that they were rebels, scheming and plotting against the government. Mr. Johnson will put an end to this. He will punish traitors and pardon penitents.—*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

## A NATION IN TEARS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The following lines, written years ago by Whittier, with reference to the death of a distinguished statesman, are so remarkably appropriate to him whose loss the nation is now mourning, that I am impelled to bring them to your notice. J. H. W.

—*Boston Congregationalist.*

ONE day, along the electric wire
His manly word for Freedom sped;
We came next morn; that tongue of fire
Said only, "He who spake is dead!"

Dead! while his voice was living yet
In echoes round the pillared dome!
Dead! while his blotted page lay wet
With themes of state and loves of home.

Dead! in that crowning grace of time,
That triumph of life's zenith hour!
Dead! while we watched his manhood's prime
Break from the slow bud into flower!

Dead! he so great, and strong, and wise,
While the mean thousands yet drew breath;
How deepened, through that dread surprise,
The mystery and the awe of death!

From the high place whereon our votes
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell
His first words, like the prelude notes
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world—
The Armageddon of the race.

* * * * * *

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised, and clear, he showed alway
The coolness of his northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or failed;
The calm star clomb with constant will—
The restless meteor flashed and paled!

* * * * * *

The human life that closed so well
No lapse of folly now can stain;
The lips whence Freedom's protest fell,
No meaner thought can now profane.

* * * * * *

Men of the North! your weak regret
Is wasted here; arise and pay
To freedom and to him your debt,
By following where he led the way!

## THE MAGNANIMITY OF GEN. LEE.

From the Boston Transcript.

HAD Gen. Lee been moved by any real magnanimity, he would not, in the face of a defeat which he must have regarded as inevitable, have poured out so much of the blood of his countrymen before Petersburg and Richmond. *There* was the place for magnanimity; not in surrendering, after all that waste of life, an army caught and held past all hope of victory or escape. There was nothing left him but surrender, "after what flourish his nature would" of desire for peace.

We may listen to what can be said in mitigation of his historical sentence, after his skirts, as the head of the rebel armies, are cleared from the demoniacal treatment of our prisoners, many of them under his very eye in Richmond, and all of them pouring forth just complaints heard by the whole civilized world.

The free States have yet to hear, also, any decent explanation of his remaining in the most intimate confidence of Gen. Scott and of all his military plans and secrets, down to the very moment when they could be carried to the enemy.

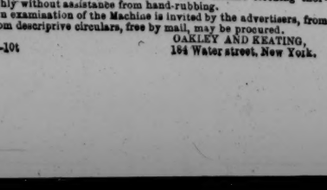
Since writing the above, a correspondent has sent us the following communication, which ably sustains the view we have taken of the "magnanimity" of the military head of the rebellion:

"*Magnanimity of Lee.*" At one of the meetings in Boston on Monday, in celebration of the surrender of Gen. Lee and his army, the news of which had been received, the Hon. George S. Hillard, one of the speakers, referred to what he styled the "magnanimous part" which Lee had played in surrendering. The audience expressed their disapproval of the apologetic tone of Mr. Hillard by hisses, compelling him to leave the stand. It strikes us that the less that is said about the "magnanimity" of Gen. Lee, the better will it be for the cause of justice and humanity.

Lee surrendered simply because Grant and Sheridan got him in a tight place and compelled him to surrender. If there was one faintest spark, we will not say of "magnanimity," but of honor, unfouled by slavery, in Gen. Lee's nature, why—when the groans of our starved, unsheltered, and murdered prisoners at Belle Isle, Andersonville, Salisbury, and Millen, were going up to the outraged, but not unregarding heavens—did not the "magnanimous" Lee lift a finger to put a stop to the atrocities?

Everybody knows that Lee had it in his power, by a word, by a nod of disapproval, to change the condition of our tortured prisoners. He had only to say, "Stop that, or count me out from your Confederacy." He was virtually, if not nominally, dictator. He could have removed Winder or any other malignant devotee of slavery, whose cruelties were notorious: but we find nowhere on record a word of remonstrance or even of inquiry from the "magnanimous" Lee. Let us have no more, therefore, of this unworthy cant. It was deservedly rebuked last Monday noon.


## Advertisements.



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| Disbursements | 461,277 38 |
| | $1,991 225 23 |
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